Saturday Review

May 3, 1975

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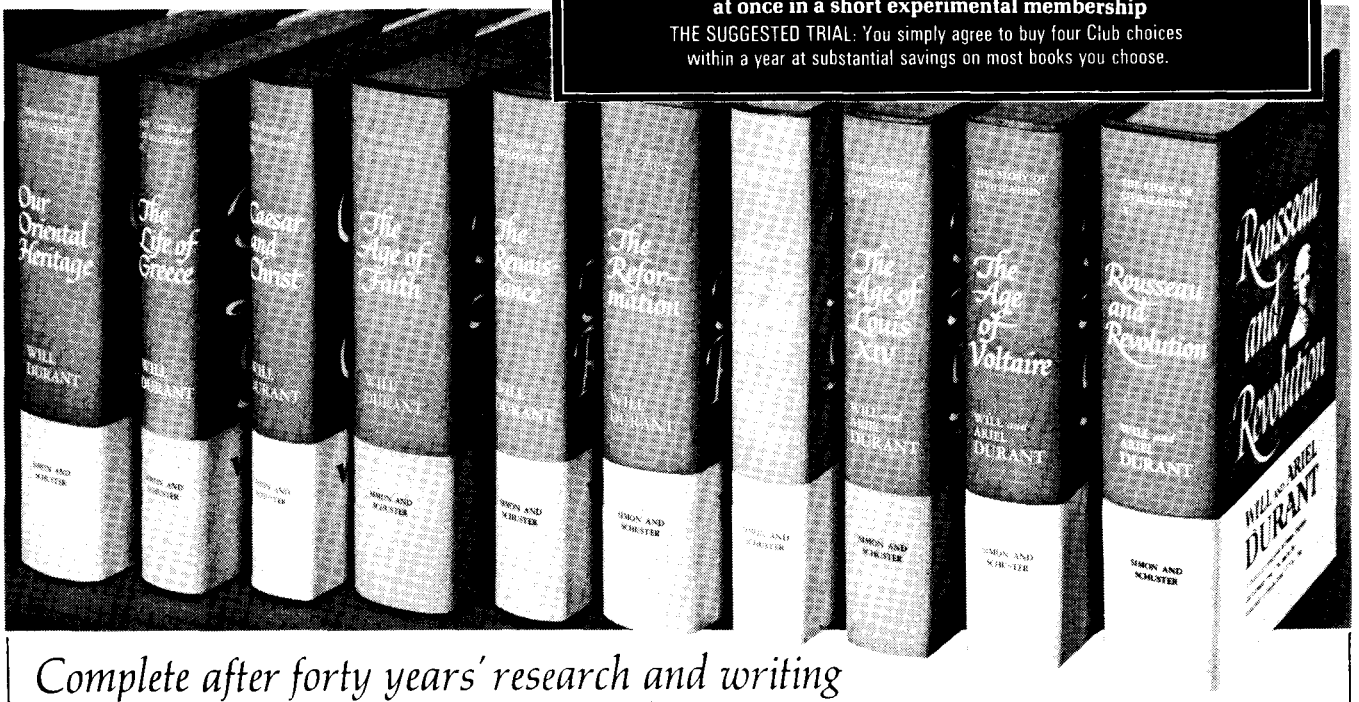

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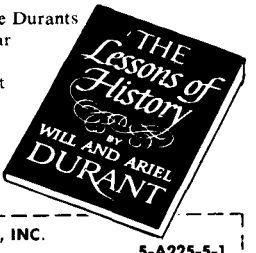

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Page 43

Page 20

Page 29

May 3, 1975

FEATURES

4 Editorial *by N.C.*

5 Letters From Readers

6 World Progress Report

10 Top of My Head
by Goodman Ace

26 Manner of Speaking
by John Ciardi

27 NSLA Artsletter

59 Light Refractions
by Thomas H. Middleton

ARTICLES

12 Hymn to a New Homeland
by Heinrich Böll
Because Germans embraced nationalism too ardently, they are today all the more thoroughly cured of the disease.

15 Germany's Undigested Past
by John Dornberg
Thirty years after the Third Reich's fall, West Germany is now facing up to its Nazi past.

LEISURE '75

Ideas for an Indecisive Summer SR Special Section

43 Wheels
by Sue Browder

49 Collectors of the Far Out
by Frank Riley

52 The Condo Craze
by Patricia and Lester Brooks

BOOKS

20 Edward VIII
by Frances Donaldson
Reviewed by Elizabeth Longford

22 Princess Alice: A Biography of Alice Roosevelt Longworth
by James Brough
Doers and Dowagers
by Felicia Warburg Roosevelt
Reviewed by Merle Miller

24 The Man of Only Yesterday: Frederick Lewis Allen
by Darwin Payne
The Letters of Bernard De Voto
Edited by Wallace Stegner
Reviewed by Alfred Kazin

FINE ARTS

29 Reassessments in Baltimore
by Katharine Kuh

MUSIC

32 The Vickers-Nilsson "Ring"—Non-Verdian "Falstaff"
by Irving Kolodin

FILM

35 Puzzles and Pop
by Hollis Alpert

EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

36 State of Siege at "135 Van Ness" *by Roger M. Williams*
San Francisco schools are plagued by a wide range of both exotic and garden-variety problems.

40 The All-New "Law and Order" Classroom
by Fred M. Hechinger

GAMESMANSHIP

25 Literary Crypt No. 32

34 Wit Twister No. 45

58 Double-Crostic No. 72

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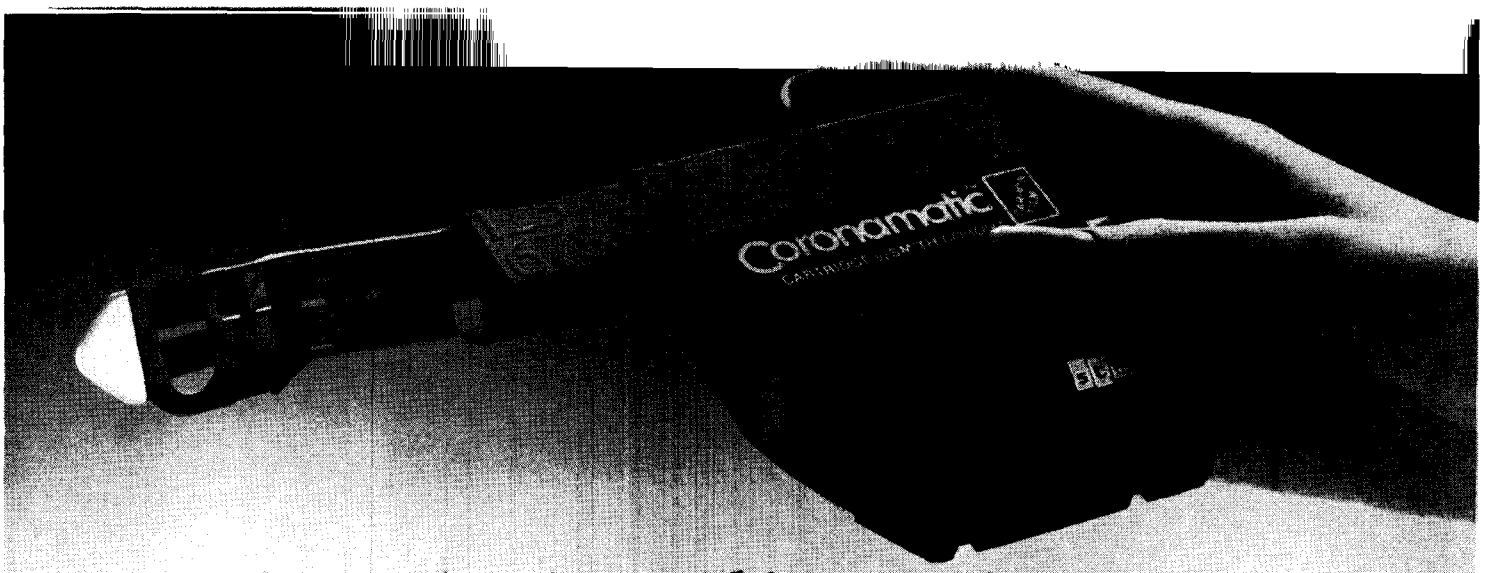

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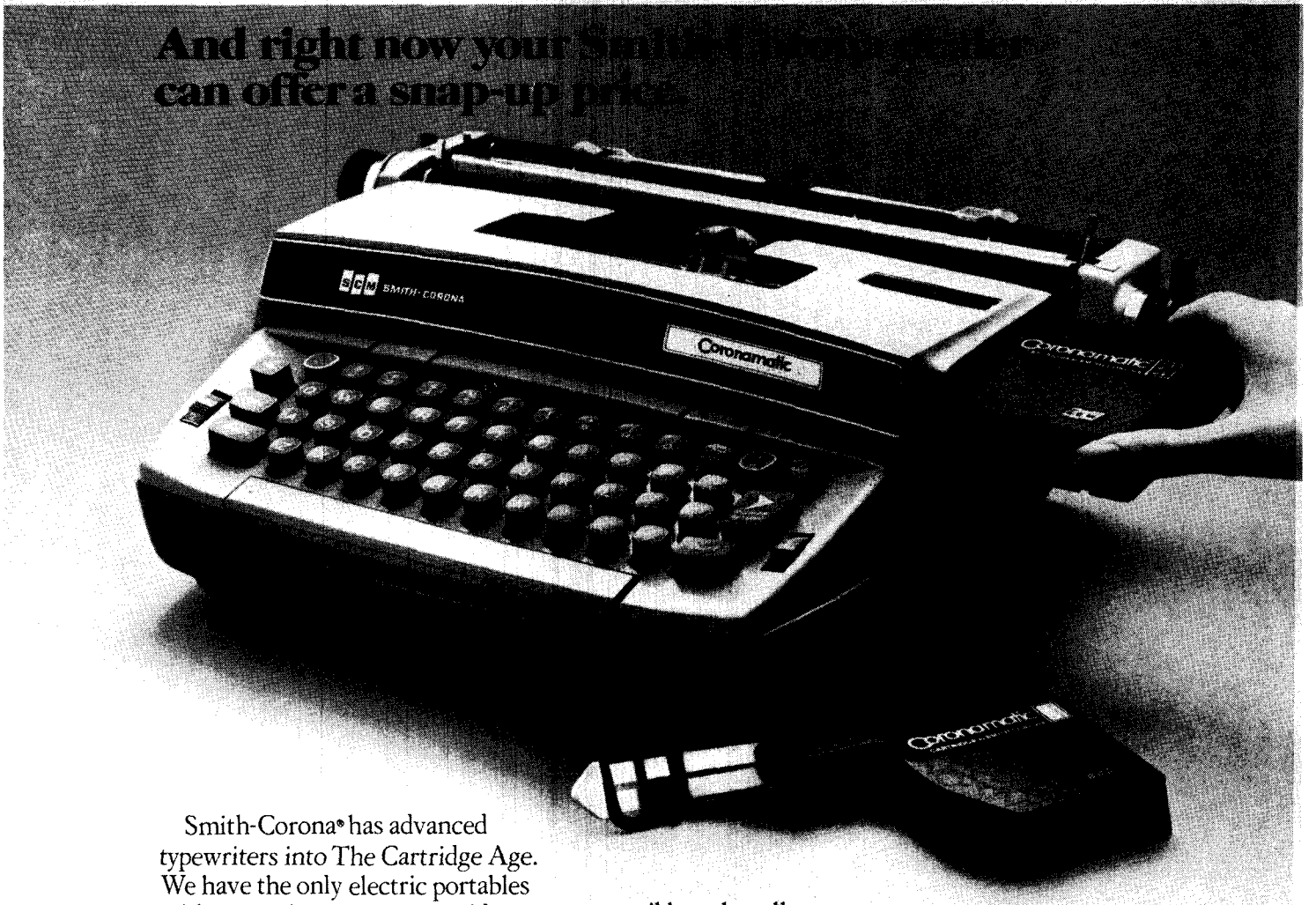

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Vietnam: What Is Really Needed

The U.S. Government's review of its policy toward South Vietnam involves a question and answer process. The questions are not particularly elusive; the answers are implicit in history.

Q. As the war in Vietnam moved into its final convulsive stage, one heard a great deal about the poor morale of South Vietnamese armed forces. Was this a new development?

A. The lack of fighting spirit in the armed forces of South Vietnam was nothing new. Twelve years ago, President John F. Kennedy was disturbed by reports concerning the inability of the government of President Diem to imbue its army with a desire to fight. Every U.S. president since J.F.K. has been aware that large numbers of South Vietnamese—not just in the armed forces but among the citizenry—have had no feelings of basic allegiance and commitment to the existing government. It was precisely because the South Vietnamese forces, though possessing superior firepower, were incapable of doing the job assigned to them that hundreds of thousands of U.S. fighting men were infused into the war.

Q. Why shouldn't the people of South Vietnam—whether in or out of the army—believe in their own government?

A. Under the terms of the Geneva Peace Treaty of 1954 marking the end of French control of Indo-China, free national elections were to be held in all the countries of the region, including Vietnam. Elections were scheduled for 1956 in Vietnam for the purpose of re-uniting the country. These elections never took place. General Eisenhower wrote in his memoirs that the United States supported the decision of South Vietnam to call off the elections because of the probability that the vote would go against the Saigon government. Though the United States and Ho Chi Minh fought together against the Japanese during World War II, and though U.S. officials knew that Ho would not be subservient to any outside government, including the Communist Chinese, the U.S. wanted a government in Vietnam responsive to our policy. The cancellations of the elections caused Hanoi to feel it had been cheated out of certain victory. Hanoi thereupon began its campaign of terror against the South. This marked the effective start of the war.

Many South Vietnamese who were sincerely anti-Communist felt that the United States had assumed all the liabilities of the departed French. They turned against the United States as they had against the French. They found it difficult to support a government they believed was not truly representative.

Q. Even acknowledging the original errors of the United States in Vietnam, why didn't the United States send massive military aid during the emergency stage of the war—planes, surface-to-air missiles, new-style tanks, machine guns, ammunition?

A. Substantial military help had been authorized and was available, but U.S. military officials were reluctant to send help because they had no confidence it would be effectively used. Over the years, the United States sent an estimated one hundred billion dollars' worth of military equipment for the war against North Vietnam. The portion of this military aid that has found its way into the hands of North Vietnamese forces has constituted a major part of the total arms used by North Vietnam.

Sending military aid at the last minute, therefore, was not likely to have had the effect of saving what was left of South Vietnam. Conceivably, it could have had the effect of increasing the amount of firepower available to the North Vietnamese.

Q. Is THERE NOTHING Americans can do to alleviate the suffering and the peril of the South Vietnamese?

A. It has cost the United States approximately $30,000 to kill a single Vietnamese. Are we willing to spend, say, half this amount to save a single life? If so, we can mobilize for mercy in behalf of the Vietnamese on a scale never before attempted in history. We had no difficulty in sending clouds of planes to bomb Vietnamese villages. We can fill the skies with planes that bring food and medicines. We should make every effort to carry out this operation in connection with the International Red Cross so that it will not appear we are being politically selective either in supplying aid or in carrying out rescue operations.

Q. Is anything to be learned from the terrible tragedy of Indo-China, a tragedy that has taken an estimated 1,600,000 lives of Vietnamese and 56,000 lives of Americans?

A. We thought we could cope with the international intrigues and undercover activities of Stalinist Russia by imitating them. The biggest mistake of all was calling off the 1956 elections that were supposed to unify the country. American people, historically, have always been committed to the principle of self-determination. The moment we violated our tradition in this respect we set the stage for a series of escalating miscalculations.

If we have learned anything at all from Vietnam, it is that American security does not depend on secret police or undercover agents playing the inter-

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Letters From Readers

Of Omissions and Objections

Roger Williams's article ("Fighting 'City Hall': The Rise of Middle Class Activism," March 8) typically promotes the concept that a group of people who entitle themselves a "public interest organization" has the interest of the public in mind and that other groups do not. The simple fact is that any group of people who work together on a given issue or project have a common special interest which joins them at that time and which may or may not be in the interest of the total public. . . .

While Common Cause is probably the largest and the best known of the so-called public interest groups, it certainly has no basis for indicating that its positions are based on any widespread involvement of the general public in its policymaking. Seemingly without any physical procedures for determining real public interest on a broad basis, Common Cause, as do other public interest groups, arrived at positions based on the self-interests of the few people involved in policymaking. . . .

John H. Hall
Canal Winchester, Ohio

I was generally in agreement with Roger M. Williams's article. However, I was deeply disappointed that Mr. Williams failed to include the League of Women Voters in his references to "public interest groups" interested in "an assault on the system.". . .

Since the league's inception in 1920, it has played a significant part in the passage of historic legislation. A few examples are: the Sheppard-Towner Act (1921), the Social Security Act (1935), the U.S. ratification of the U.N. Charter (1945), the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty (1969), the Economic Opportunity Amendments (1967 and 1969), and the Water Resources Planning Act (1965). More recently, the league has conducted in-depth studies concerning the Equal Rights Amendment, Campaign Financing, and House Committee Reform. . . .

Jean Wilcox Wolfert
Ogden, Utah

Roger Williams's piece deals with a subject of great interest and importance. Therefore, it was a shock to see him so poorly informed. Colorado's new governor is Richard D. Lamm, not Michael, and it was he, then a state representative, who was the true moving spirit behind the anti-Olympics fight. Three organizers, or coordinators, as they call themselves, put the drive together under then-Representative Lamm's direction, and the rest of the hard work that editor Williams correctly refers to as so essential to the success of middle-class activism was performed by hundreds of petition carriers, telephoners, press release people, and the "fold and stamp brigade."

Mary B. Filley
Denver, Colo.

Roger Williams replies:

My subject was not traditional groups that have long been working in behalf of their version of the public interest—no matter how commendable the work—but rather groups that are arising to fight for the new concerns of the middle class. The things that stick in a writer's mind! I had a college fraternity brother named Michael Lamm—and ever since then all Lamms have been Michael to me.

A Bewildered Consumer

An unmentioned horror lurks in the penultimate paragraph of Ivan Berger's article ("The Politics of [Amplifier] Power," March 8). If a customer were to buy speakers capable of handling the advertised, but not the real, power an amplifier contains, what is to keep him from turning the controls all the way up on his new acquisition and burning out the speakers? I am not qualified to judge what safety factors are currently built into speakers, but if some manufacturers were to underrate the power of their amplifiers, while others did not, the ordinary stereo buyer would be even more dependent on the competence and honesty of the salesman than he now is.

Edward Adelson
Marion, Ohio

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national game of subversion and intrigue. It depends primarily on the creation of instruments of world order. The U.S. government never really took the concept of a United Nations seriously; it never really accepted the notion that the time had come to create a genuine world organization capable of protecting the world's peoples against aggression and all the other abominations that have disfigured the record of nations over the centuries.

The inability or reluctance of our government to understand that no nation, not even a nation as powerful as the United States, can serve as policeman for the entire world is a related major lesson to be learned from Vietnam.

IT WILL BE MUCH MORE DIFFICULT today to develop the United Nations into a world organization invested with the responsible authority of world law than it would have been a generation ago. All the weaknesses that were inherent in the original design for the U.N. are now fully visible. The General Assembly is so constructed that it is unable to command the support of major nations to the degree necessary to develop or use statutory power. Similarly, the Security Council is so constructed that it cannot command the support of smaller nations to the degree necessary to keep the peace. Neither in the General Assembly nor the Security Council nor in the office of the Secretary General is there a codified basis for world law. The result is an anomaly. Attempts to deal with world anarchy are improvised. They reflect the balance-of-power struggle in the world. They run counter to the need to create a workable new basis for durable peace.

The failure to create a genuine basis for world peace and justice is not chargeable to the U.N. itself. It is directly chargeable to the refusal of nations, especially the larger ones, to accept an authority that can tell them what to do in the international arena.

This, then, is the basic challenge today—how to create a world authority to keep the peace that has behind it the confidence of the world's peoples.

The difficulties in the way of upgrading the United Nations are enormous. Considering the amount of energy and resources we have put into Indo-China since 1954, however, the central question is whether we are willing to make a similar commitment to the cause of world order. If we are, there is a good chance that three billion people in the world may yet live out their lives without a nuclear war.

N.C.

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World Progress Report

The Profits of Progress

The tide of ecological fervor for restoring the nation's air and water to its pristine purity, after waxing strong in the ebullient, we-can-afford-anything Sixties, has waned with the onset of economic woes. Recession and inflation have provided a rationale for environmental backsliding, on the grounds that pollution control and other good deeds are luxuries we can no longer afford because they cause unemployment, increase prices, and paralyze investment. Such claims have recently been made in order to justify the relaxation of automobile-exhaust standards and the veto of strip-mining controls, among other measures.

But buried in a 1974 government study forbiddingly entitled "Achieving Price Stability Through Economic Growth" are statistics which suggest that such allegations are unfounded. The study, issued with the imprimatur of the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress, gauges the effects of pollution-control expenditures on such vital economic indicators as the gross national product, inflation, capital investment, and employment. The committee's conclusion: the public benefits "have exceeded and clearly will continue to exceed the costs."

On the way to this bottom line, the study estimates that pollution-control expenditures will average a modest 0.7 percent of the gross national product for the period 1973–1982. (They accounted for only 0.5 percent of the 20 percent rise in the wholesale price index during 1974.) Furthermore, only 2 percent of the companies in a Department of Commerce survey attributed reduced investment in plant and equipment to the costs of conforming to pollution-control requirements.

Finally, notes the study, the jobs lost in 14 factories that have closed since January 1971 because of federal anti-pollution actions have been "more than counterbalanced by increased employment in pollution-abatement fields." More than 50,000 new jobs have been created by federally financed sewage-treatment projects alone, according to a Bureau of Labor Statistics estimate, and "the unemployment rate for 1975 would be 0.4 percent higher if pollution-abatement expenditures were discontinued."

Said the Joint Committee, "there should be no general reduction of environmental standards for the sake of reducing inflationary pressures."

Cornucopia

Modern agriculture's greatest glory is also, ironically, its greatest liability: wondrous hybrids, their genes ingeniously juggled to produce maximum yields in pampered, large-scale, single-crop agriculture, are by the same token often highly vulnerable to the ravages of pests and plagues. Ninety percent of U.S. corn, for example, shares the same genetic base, which proved susceptible to a strain of southern leaf blight in 1970. The disease swept the corn belt, causing an average 10 to 15 percent loss in yield —the greatest one-year loss of any single crop in the history of agriculture—and playing havoc with the world's already chaotic food situation. The threat of such disasters inspires corn breeders to endless efforts to better the disease resistance of their improved food plants.

In a significant recent success, researchers at Cornell University and the International Maize and Wheat Improvement Center, headquartered in Mexico, have identified corn varieties that have genetic resistance to two major pests. One, the European corn borer, afflicts temperate-zone producers, regularly destroying 5 percent of the U.S. crop. The other, the sugarcane borer, is a major pest in the tropics.

The resistance was discovered in exotic strains of corn that are native to the islands near Antigua. Plants were first selected for resistance to the European borer during the summer season at Cornell; the survivors were then regrown in Mexico during the winter and tested for resistance to the tropical pest. The resulting doubly resistant variety is being crossed with other varieties of corn already improved for high yield and quality protein. The borer-proof seed is expected to be ready for commercial release in one to three years.

"Why shouldn't he be a nice guy, recently? His last three TV commercials were flops, his wife divorced him, and he's broke."

Liberating the Language

Long usage has built gender distinctions and sex discrimination into the very titles of many occupations, effectively reserving some for men (busboy, foreman, fisherman) and others for women (seamstress, maid, stewardess). As part of the continuing movement to neuter the native tongue, the Labor Department's list of approved job designations has been revised: cloakroom personnel of either sex will henceforth be called "hatcheck attendants," vaudeville performers will be billed as "song-and-dance persons," and the pedagogues who used to be known in fact and fiction as governesses will be officially known as "child mentors." The agency responsible for perpetrating this linguistic revision is still, however, to be designated as the Manpower Administration.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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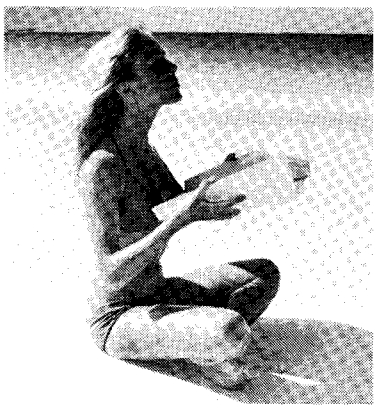

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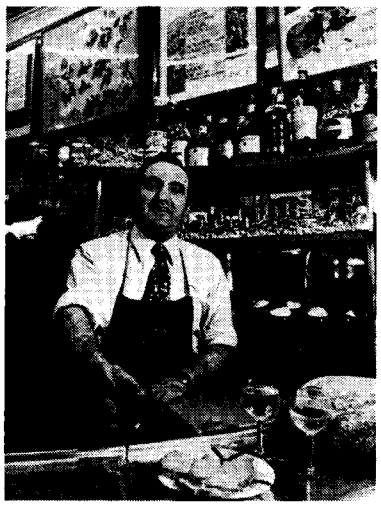

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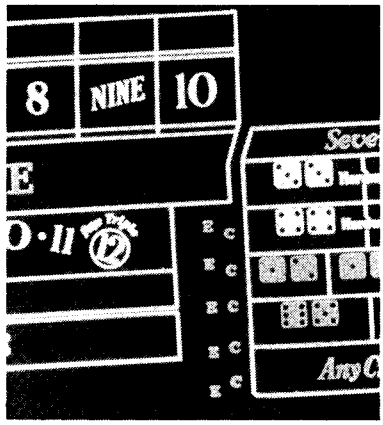

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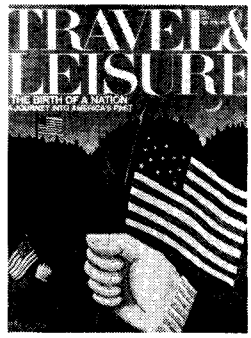

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

The If-ful Thinker

What this country does not need in these days of depression or recession or just plain rotten times is wishful thinkers and wistful thinkers. What is desperately needed is if-ful thinkers.

Wishful thinking is believing that when a man, about to become President, swears to uphold the Constitution, he will grow in stature when he assumes the awesome power of that office.

Wistful thinking is fantasizing that when the next President to assume the awesome power of that office swears to uphold the Constitution, she will grow in stature.

These two thought processes are nonconstructive, non-productive. When you mentally run down the list of Presidents who "grew" in office, the mind skips from Washington to Lincoln to FDR to Truman. Four out of 38—practically a 10-to-1 shot. Don't bet on it.

The if-ful thinker, when he "ifs" a posture, is pragmatic, an activist who points up a lesson to be learned from our former mistakes.

"If," says the if-ful thinker, "the next President will think of the Constitution as a four-year lease on the office of landlord, signed by us tenants in order to form a more perfect condominium, with inalienable rights to request our super to give us more heat in the winter, more air-conditioning in the summer, and to repair our broken window on the world, and do it all without a rent rise, that President will be said to have grown in stature."

As our country drifts aimlessly up the creek, the if-ful thinker may be the paddle we're without. He differs from wishful and wistful thinkers on every one of our calamities.

Wishful thinking is the art of self-hypnosis, wherein one is convinced that a good fairy will soon fly non-stop across the land, in the non-smoking section, and with a wave of her wand will suddenly restore our life of overabundance.

Wistful thinkers, a melancholy form of wishful thinkers, look forward to the coming of the tooth fairy, who, they recall, once placed a quarter under the pillow when a tooth fell out and who, they now wistfully wish, will soon return and leave two quarters per tooth.

The if-ful thinker says if all those economists in Washington immediately did something constructive about inflation and unemployment, instead of telling us every day that we have to "bite the bullet," they wouldn't sound like politicians shooting off their mouths.

Now, let's take Cambodia. Why not? The Cambodians have taken us for millions of dollars. The wishful thinker holds that we must send them money because America has never turned her back on an ally. (Chiang Kai-shek would have been surprised to read that.)

The wistful thinker in New York says, "Why send all those millions to Cambodia, that war-ravaged hole in the ground, when we have our own hole in the ground—the subway system?"

That's okay thinking, but it's non-productive and begs the question. The if-ful thinker digs deeper. He points out that if we had learned our lesson in South Vietnam, where we honorably won the war but forgot to end it, and changed the address of the war from South Vietnam to Cambodia, we shouldn't have been sending more millions to President Lon Nol to keep the war game going only till the rainy season, which begins next month. War is the only game that is called on account of rain, outside of those in Wrigley Field and the other non-astrodomed baseball stadiums.

At one point, a Senate committee voted to cut President Ford's Cambodia money from $222 million to $125 million. As prices of war go, $125 million seems a more reasonable sum. But nobody promised that a half-price war would cut in half the number killed.

It seems to this if-ful thinker that if we were bent, as our government put it, on saving the good name of Lon Nol, couldn't we have saved it by his resigning the office? Especially since the good name of Lon Nol is a palindrome—it reads the same, coming or going.

ON A PERSONAL NOTE, this if-ful thinker quotes in part a letter dated December 6, received and read with some anguish. A letter which, *if* the writer had shown more concern and some slight regard, would never have been sent. It's signed by the president of one of New York's most prestigious hospitals. I quote:

December 6, 1974

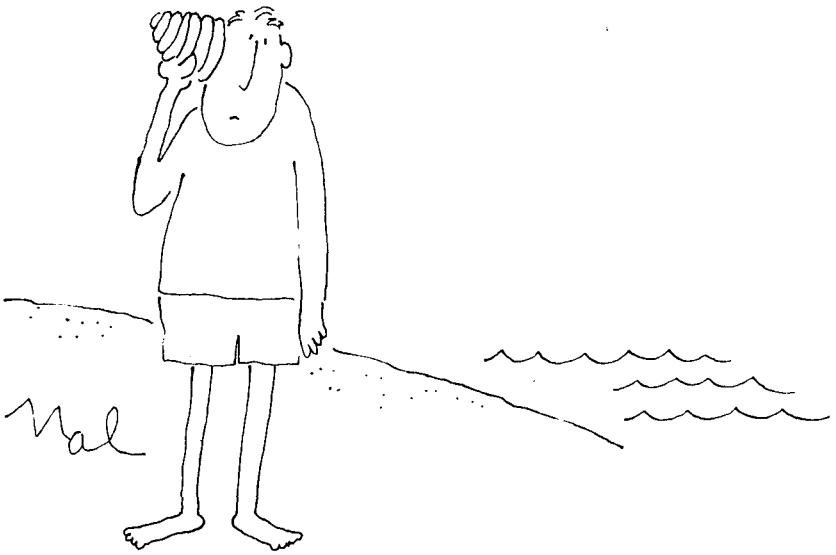
Dear Mrs. Ace:
As a recent patient you have seen how our hospital serves its community by providing a full range of medical services, . . . offering a high level of nursing service together with physical amenities, enabling the hospital to treat the patient as a person, rather than a number. . . . We are appealing to former patients like yourself to contribute to the hospital's Capital Improvement Fund. . . . Your contribution will be fully tax deductible. . . .

If he hadn't sent the letter, I wouldn't have felt obliged to send this reply:

December 8, 1974

Dear Sir:
As a former patient I did notice your high-level nursing service together with its other amenities, and I would dearly like to contribute to your hospital fund. But, you see, on November 11 I died in your hospital.

Maybe we can get together later.
Sincerely, Jane Ace □



"That was my impersonation of the Red Sea. Next I would like to do my impersonation of The Indian Ocean."

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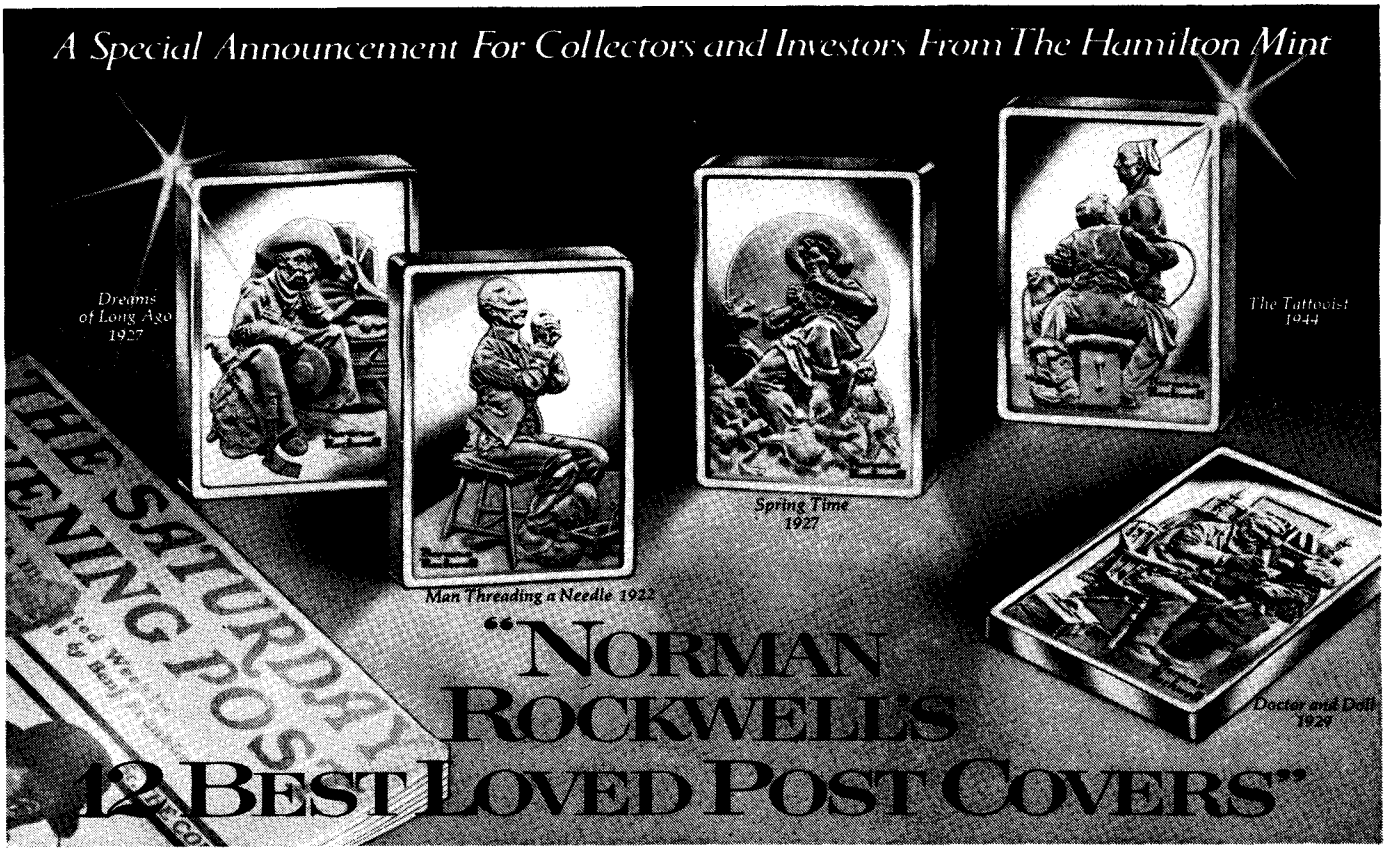
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Cologne 1945—"And today I ask myself, Did that rubble become our children's cultural heritage?"

Hymn to a New Homeland

"I am a German!" declares the 1972 Nobel laureate, who has rediscovered his roots "sunk deep in the German language and tradition."

by Heinrich Böll

Let us think back for a moment on the condition of Europe and Germany in the year 1945. At this pivotal point in history, the teachings that the Nazis had smeared together from blood and earth had brought about the Third Reich's own reversal in a frightful way. The war had left in its wake a world in which entire peoples had been destroyed and the blood of millions more spilled—in 1945 almost half of Europe consisted of displaced persons.

Our fathers—and here I must expressly exclude my own father, who dearly loved to move about from place to place—had always believed a man should live at a single permanent address. Hence they preserved for us the German saying, Moving one's residence three times is the same as going into bankruptcy.

Yet now, after the war, this "moving" had become a permanent way of living for countless human beings, whether living in camps, waiting rooms, shelters, or destroyed cities. We were all of us displaced—and not only physically. I recall lengthy discussions on whether one should let children grow up in a destroyed city or move to the country with them. Would not the very *sight* of total destruction harm them, not to speak of the fact that in a destroyed city physical well-being itself could hardly be maintained? This question—destroyed city or unharmed village—was a serious matter when one was looking for a bit of ground under one's feet, looking for a bit of homeland.

My wife and I decided in the end to move to the almost totally destroyed city of Cologne, where there still existed a few recognizable signs of "cultural heritage." And so our children grew up amidst the rubble, and today I ask myself, *Did that rubble become their cultural heritage?*

Only long after our years in Cologne did it occur to me that the rubble made an ideal, though slightly dangerous, playground. Because there in the rubble you could play at both games, *building and destroying*. After all, there were plenty of stones, remnants of walls, and iron beams, and after a few years trees and flowers grew in the ruins. Was it not the right of the new breed of youngsters that

One of Germany's most prolific post-war writers, Heinrich Böll won the Nobel Prize in 1972. His most recent novel is The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum.

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grew up there to find this residue of an insane war not only usable but even ideal for their games?

There may well have been a streak of nihilism in these musings of mine. But I began to suspect the musings were not so idle the day our oldest son, then only three, came back from a visit to Surrey, one of the loveliest parts of England. While there, he had stayed with good friends of ours in a big house with a wonderful garden and a storybook nursery. Yet as the train from Ostende pulled into the Cologne station, my son cried out with relief and delight: *at last—rubble again!* And we understood: he was back home. This destroyed city was his homeland, and if we dispense with all the poetic-metaphysical tricks, we have to admit: it was ours, too.

My memories of the bombed-out cities include something further: the dust and the silence. The powder of that destruction penetrated all cracks, lodged in diapers, books, manuscripts, settled on bread and soup. This gritty dust was married to the air—they were one in heart and soul. For years, against all reason, like Heracles and Sisyphus we tried to cope with the limitlessness of the dust produced by the great, destroyed city: it stuck to eyelashes and brows, sifted in between the teeth, settled into the gums and the mucous membranes, and into wounds. Endlessly, we struggled against the silent invasion of immeasurable quantities of atomized mortar and stone.

Yet I hope that as I say this you hear from me not a lament but a hymn: a hymn to a new homeland which arose from the dust of the old cultural heritage.

The other main thing I remember about 1945 was—let us overlook the black market and the looting—the silence. That silence was as immeasurable as the dust, and only the fact that it was not total made it believable and bearable. Somewhere in those immeasurably silent nights, loose stones used to break off and crash down or a gable would collapse. Sometimes by daylight one could actually see how a gable slowly, almost solemnly, collapsed. Layers of mortar detached themselves, spreading like a net—and stones hailed down.

The destruction of a great city is no completed procedure, like an operation. The decline progresses like a paralysis: the city crumbles piecemeal, then falls in on itself. The voluntary collapsing of a high gabled wall, not because of blasting or the wrecker's ball, is an unforgettable sight. At some single, unpredictable moment this beautiful, orderly creation, put together long ago with confidence and pleasure, gives way. It counts, almost audibly ticking and crackling, from the date of its creation back to zero—just as at the firing of a rocket you also count backward to zero, to nothing—and yields itself up.

Such, then, was our new homeland, and we accepted it.

Later, when we saw undestroyed cities, we broke out in the sweat of anxiety, and still later, when we could travel not just within Germany but abroad into the *Ausland,* one felt what one had already surmised. Now, I want to say this in plain English: it was not then very pleasant to be a German—and it still is not.

The fact that we were Germans was something which before 1933 we took too much for granted to have thought much about it: Germanness was for us too *sure,* too much a part of the very air we breathed. After all, the very word *German* probably came into existence right there in the triangle bounded by Aachen, Mainz, and Cologne. We were, so to speak, *thoughtlessly* German; we wrote, spoke, and read German, and we did not take that fact too seriously. But from 1933 on through 1945 we came to feel just how dreadfully serious this business of being a German could become.

"We Germans became nationalists late, in fact perhaps too late—for all the more thoroughly and monstrously nationalist did we become, though, in my opinion, we are all the more thoroughly cured of it."

Had anyone asked me before 1933 which elements I would name as decisive for me and my possible life as an author, I probably would have named three elements, in this order: the Rhine, Cologne—and Catholicism, which for a 16-year-old was probably at least as ambivalent as it is for a 55-year-old. It would not have occurred to me to name Germanness as a decisive element in my intellectual existence: it was taken too much for granted. Can we allow a 20- to 25-year-old the luxury, in time of emergency, of disassociating himself inwardly, and of necessity also outwardly, from the Germans as they were during the years between 1933 and 1945? Not until 1945 did I give up that luxury, when it no longer served any purpose, in Germany or elsewhere, to be a German—I gave it up also because I resented the opportunism of others who suddenly behaved as if they were not Germans.

This question of roots and uprootedness is at the heart of modern man's alienation and unease. When the time comes to seek a name for our century, it will probably be called the Century of Expellees and Prisoners. When people begin trying to add up the worldwide total of these unfortunate people, they will arrive at a number of displaced human beings big enough to populate entire continents. Truly, ours is a century of records!

In centuries past, when one tried to reckon the numbers of persons affected by battles, conquests, and expulsions, one arrived at a figure corresponding to the population of a city or medium-sized region. A destroyed town, a destroyed city, simply entered into mythology and continued its course through folktales. But in our own blessed century, destruction is always immediately a matter of millions: 60 million victims of the Second World War in Europe alone, 6 million European Jews murdered. The number of Stalin's victims in the Soviet Union alone is estimated at 40 million. And when I cite such figures, I must tremble before anyone who knows better or thinks he knows better and contradicts me by saying: no, it was *only* 50, *only* 4, *only* 35 million. Or someone else comes and calculates for me that it was *more*: 60, 7, 45 million.

Thus does the spirit of our century express itself, with frightful clarity, in *round numbers.* Behind all these round numbers the individual fades away gradually, until he becomes invisible in the thicket of competing statistics.

Recently, I saw by the morning paper that to protect the American President in Tokyo 160,000 policemen turned out—this on the occasion of a visit whose importance was largely symbolic. During the visit, the paper said, more than 1 million persons demonstrated and 3 million went on strike. Then I read, further, that on this single occasion more persons were mobilized in one connection or another than the entire population of Israel! In the face of such realities, does not

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every kind of fiction, even in the most extravagant horror film, become ridiculous farce?

Can we really grasp the huge numbers used to quantify masses of human beings? And can we really understand the frightful new kind of international rivalry which expresses itself in a species of mad competitive boasting, saying, No, no, we have had the most dead, more than you; we have more expellees, more prisoners than you. How can we reconcile ourselves with this frightful sort of modern bookkeeping-in-victims, in which the dead turn into capital?

Then add to this approach that ideological or *weltanschauung* interpretation which arrogates to itself the dividing up of the dead, the expelled, and the justly and unjustly imprisoned, by speaking of "necessary measures" or "unavoidable corrections and sacrifices." In these circumstances the cemeteries, visible and invisible, almost become stock exchanges which trade in death and banning people.

But let us for the moment stop looking at the banned and the imprisoned from an ideological standpoint that turns them all into mere objects of speculation or that regards them, in their refugee camps, merely as zealots ripe for recruitment by some demagogue. If we look for the single word that, regardless of their nationality, describes the condition of these uprooted people, no better word occurs to me than the German word *Elend*, "misery"—the predecessor of the word *Ausland*—that is, foreign territories, or lands abroad. But *Elend* does not have the touristic sense of the word *Ausland*, in the sense simply of living abroad or going abroad. Rather, it conveys the sense of subjective distance, of things alien—the sense of what it means to be a stranger whose misery is forever being traded on some stock exchange for the benefit of international interests.

Now, there exists a spiritual and historic tradition which interprets *Elend*, this sense of alienated existence, metaphorically: it asks, Are we not *all* strangers on this earth, strangers in our own land, in our own family? Are there not moments when your own right hand becomes just as foreign to you as the house you live in? And does not human history itself begin with our being banned—from Paradise—and is not being banned the permanent condition, fitting and befitting?

I do not believe that only writers, thinkers, and theological scholars react that way—they are only luckier than the others because they can give expression to the alien aspects of their existence. I wish neither to deny nor to disown this metaphysical dimension, which is as dialectical as it is poetical. I only ask myself whether we who call ourselves authors and intellectuals should still participate in these two games—the one, the stock exchange game, in which one tries to transform misery into political capital, and the other, the metaphysical-dialectical-poetical game.

I have no answer to this question; I merely ask it. But I take it for granted that we—all thinking people who refuse to play either of these two games—not only can be expelled from our own nations and made homeless but also could become banned and homeless within our own nations and state organizations. I quote the Russian poet Joseph Brodsky, an expellee: "Language is something much older and more unavoidable than the state. I belong to the Russian language. As far as the state is concerned, in my opinion a writer's love for his homeland is not measured in terms of an oath from some lofty platform but in terms of the way he writes the language of the people among whom he lives."

When we speak about "the cultural heritage and the creative power in the literature of our time," that quotation seems to me almost to be a motto. For I can imagine that Israel, for example, the first Jewish state in the 2,000-year history of the exile of the Jewish people, brings a new element into the cultural heritage, a new dimension to Jewish literature; conceivably, it also brings problems, whose nature I cannot judge but can surmise.

There is one more relevant German word, which I do not know whether one can translate; it is the word *bodenlos*—without ground, bottomless. The Jewish people have been *bodenlos* since their expulsion, but never without speech; and what this people has kept together, and the difference which its culture has made, is above all the preservation of its writings, and so it was always at home in its language.

There is one more cruel circumstance—that the human being who has already known expulsion and anxiety winds up with a cruel compulsion to expel others. In his search for a new homeland he forces others into the very circumstance that he has just escaped. "Mass migration"—that phrase sounds so friendly, because the words themselves are friendly words. But in truth "mass migration" has always been mass *expulsion*. It has never taken place without force: people have been abducted, or made to stay behind. Climatic-geological or political displacements were always the cause—together with the acted-on yearnings of those peoples who wanted to leave the darkness and mists of the north for the southern sun. And what did the expellees, the other expellees, bring with them: their God, their gods, their idols—and their language. Language is the lightest baggage—though a heavy burden when one

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goes among foreigners, for one can almost always take along only what one has in the head and the heart: the myths and folktales and the memories—one's own and those of others with whom one shares the common language. It is no accident that every oppression begins with the suppression of the language—and with it the suppression of literature, if one does not interpret literature as meaning only what gets written. There are examples enough: the Irish, the Jewish, the Polish peoples—and other poor peoples who had to suffer constant oppression. Or who, like the Jewish people, had to live constantly with staff in hand on the threshold of their houses, in fear of pogroms and expulsion—and who are now preserved only in their language.

We Germans, who have never been a very rich people, are for the first time in our history on the threshold of a certain prosperity. This fact makes us a people who are both problematical and easy to misunderstand. We have paid our language full honor only very late in our history, and we owe the ultimate possession of our great and beautiful language to the translation of the Bible by Martin Luther. And we are not the only European people for whom the Bible's limitlessness, in the strictest sense of that word, unlocked the national language and liberated it from the oppression of desiccated Latin.

Before Luther, the German language's stock was not too high: in fact I recently discovered disdainfulness toward Germans (*Deutsche*) in a dialect word from the very area I come from—*verdötscht*, which means stupid, dull, and is roughly equivalent to the Yiddish word *meshugge*. Admittedly, we Germans became nationalists late, in fact perhaps too late—for all the more thoroughly and monstrously nationalistic did we become, though, in my opinion, we are now all the more thoroughly cured of it.

IN ANY CASE I am a German. I see now that my roots are, for better or worse, sunk deep in the German language and tradition. To me, the recognition of this immutable fact is at once sobering and strengthening; it means that whatever becomes of me, I can never again be culturally *bodenlos*. □

Germany's Undigested Past

Thirty years after the fall of the Third Reich, West Germany is painfully but surely coming to terms with the phenomenon of Hitler.

by John Dornberg

Munich

His name was almost a German cliché—Hans. So was his appearance—fair skin, blue eyes, and straw-blond hair, which had been cut and combed in the Caesar style that was the rage among young German intellectuals at the time. And the time was January 9, 1964, the fourth day of the marathon Auschwitz trial. Hans, who had just turned 20, was one of 60 university students in the press and spectators' gallery of the city council chamber in the Roemer, Frankfurt's medieval town hall, which had been converted into a courtroom. The defendants—21 former SS officers and guards and one prisoner-trustee—were standing trial for the murders they had committed at the largest and most notorious of the death camps.

THE ATMOSPHERE was one of benign dignity. The defendants, apparently relaxed, sat with their lawyers in the comfortable foam-padded leather armchairs of Frankfurt's city council members. The court—three black-robed judges, two alternates, six lay jurors, five alternate jury members, and four prosecutors—were on the slightly raised city govern-

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Then and now—SS troops in 1938; others on trial for the massacre of more than 30,000 Jews.

Photographs: Keystone Press

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Oranienburg concentration camp—Thirty years of atonement.

ment bench facing the defendants, the press, and the spectators.

The tone struck by the presiding judge, Hans Hofmeyer, was one of subdued politeness. It was "*Bitte schön Herr Kaduk* [or Herr Boger or Herr Mulka], won't you take the witness chair over there, pull the microphone up closer, and tell us about yourself: where you were born, where you went to school, when you joined the party." Periodically, as the defendants told the self-pitying stories about their lives, I could see Hans lean forward to grip the rail of the spectators' balcony and shake his head vehemently. During recesses I observed him ambling along the corridors, hoping to catch a closer glimpse of some of the men on trial. It seemed as if he were trying to etch their faces in his memory.

During one long recess, which he and I had both used for going across the street to St. Paul's Church to look at an exhibition of photos and documents from the Warsaw ghetto, we started a conversation. He was staring at the life-sized portrait of two undernourished ghetto children, and I was studying him.

"The whole thing seems unreal," he said, turning toward me. "It's hard to put your finger on it, but it's just unreal. The whole atmosphere, the things they're saying, the way they behave in court and in the hallways, the formal cordiality between the defense and prosecution, between the judge and the defendants. It's Kafkaesque.

"Perhaps I am naive, or maybe I've just seen too many movies. But they don't look like SS guards. I mean, I have visions of men in stiff black uniforms, high riding boots, clubs or whips in their hands, and mean faces. But there they are, sitting down there, no different from anyone else, and just look at what they did. It's incongruous."

AS INCONGRUOUS, in one sense, as the 30-year-long effort on the part of the Germans to "come to terms" with the Nazi past, because that effort has also meant that they have had to come to terms with themselves.

It assumed a variety of forms: prosecution of war criminals by the Germans themselves; massive reparations and restitution payments to Israel and to individual victims of Nazism; a seemingly endless campaign in the media and the schools not only to acquaint the young with the full horror of the Nazi past but also to show them how and why Germany's first experiment in democracy—the Weimar Republic—had failed.

Today, 30 years after the war, that effort has by no means ended. Scores of cases remain pending before the courts. Twice in the past decade the statute of limitations has been extended, the last time to December 1979. But with the end of the manhunt not yet in sight, what will happen then? Will the deadline be extended a third time, to cover those Nazis still in hiding or not yet indicted? Probably, though it seems doubtful that any legitimate cause of justice, expiation, atonement, or righting the wrongs of history would then be served.

Frankly, those causes are barely being served today. With witnesses either dying or losing their credibility because of advancing age and fading memories, and the accused slipping through the legal loopholes of their own senescence, infirmity, and senility, it becomes increasingly difficult to prosecute. Moreover, among those too young to be in any way implicated or held responsible —that is, the more than half of all living Germans born since the end of the war —the question today, a generation later, is, Why? "Why blame us for the crimes of our parents and grandparents?"

With every right a 34-year-old aircraft technician said several years ago: "Whenever I go on vacation—to France, Switzerland, England, or Holland—people criticize the Germans. They keep saying: 'Look at the terrible things you did.' *We*? All I did was go to kindergarten."

The backlash among Germany's young has been apparent to observers of the scene for many years, and it has become stronger, especially as the knowledge has deepened that the Germans as a people do not hold an exclusive patent on national criminality. What, in good conscience, does one say to a young West German like the student who once asked me: "Was Hitler really worse than Stalin? And how do you Americans account for the My Lais of Vietnam? Every nation has committed its crimes in history—some worse than others, that is true. But what makes our crimes so special?"

To answer questions like that with the standard numerical tabulation of those killed or the worn-out retort that two wrongs do not make a right will hardly do. Ask almost any German the purpose of all the trials and the reason why prosecution should continue, and you will hear a variety or a combination of trenchant, certainly valid, but to me still inadequate, answers: to atone for Germany's crimes, to right the wrongs, to punish the guilty, to educate, to palliate world opinion, to clear our conscience.

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Only once in all the years of covering German affairs did I hear a responsible public official touch on what seems to me the fundamental issue. That was Dr. Ernst Benda, now chief justice of the West German supreme court, who, as a CDU *Bundestag* deputy in 1965, initiated the first bill to extend the statute of limitations. "One unpunished murderer among us," he said at the time, "is one too many. And if we abandon the hunt for them, we may as well abandon the republic and return to living in caves."

Looking back, in that context, over all the years of West Germany's painful and agonizing attempts to come to terms with the German past—to digest it, so to speak—I can only conclude that these attempts have been at best half-successful. And the responsibility for its half-failure by no means lies only with the Germans but also with the peoples who were their victims, their conquerors, their occupiers, and their often vengeful neighbors. No one could have or even should have suggested that these people forget Germany's crimes. But neither did they forgive. And in their ceaseless demands for German self-flagellation, in the incessant calls upon the Germans to atone and expiate, and in the interminable challenges to the Germans to prove themselves again and again, the quintessential purpose of *Vergangenheitsbewaeltigung* ("to overcome the past") has been defeated.

The crucial question to pose is, of course, What then *should* have been done? I really have no answer to that except to say: certainly not what the East Germans did. Arnold Zweig, the left-wing German-Jewish novelist who had resettled in East Germany after the war, once told Amos Elon, the well-known Israeli journalist: "We did not master or digest the past. We vomited it out." What Zweig was trying to say was, in essence, what East Germany's rulers, or their propagandists, maintain—that Nazism was the ineluctable consequence of monopoly capitalism. According to East German mythology, wherever capitalism has been uprooted and replaced (as in the German Democratic Republic) Nazism and its seed are dead. But wherever capitalism still flourishes (as in the Federal Republic) Nazism remains alive and, ergo, the past has not been digested. Were it only so simple!

But Zweig's pithy remark had a double entendre.

For in "vomiting out the past," as Zweig indelicately phrased it, East Germany has also conveniently divorced itself from the Nazi years by washing the common stain of the past down West Germany's drain. To the incontestable fact that there are now two German states, the GDR's rulers have tried to add the spurious thesis of two German histories. Thanks to the propaganda with which they have been inundated, to hear East Germans talk, you would think that GDR had been a victim, not an integral part, of an aggressor nation. At no time is this attitude fostered more blatantly in East Germany than on each May 8, the anniversary of V-E Day, which—in contrast to the FRG, where it is ignored—has become a public holiday celebrated as "Liberation Day."

"The East German regime maintains to this day that in abolishing capitalism . . . it has already paid the 'greatest reparation and made the greatest restitution.' "

I do not mean to imply that the GDR has done no grappling with its own past. After all, some 13,000 Nazi criminals have been tried and convicted before East German tribunals—twice as many as in West Germany, which has three times the population. And while prosecutions in the East have gone on without much fanfare or publicity, the penalties meted out were usually the maximum—death or life imprisonment. (West Germany, which has no death penalty, has sentenced but 126 of the 6,300 it has tried to the maximum term of life.)

It is also true that when important ex-Nazis *are* discovered in influential public positions in East Germany, they are usually disposed of quickly and generally under the cloak of secrecy—easy enough to do in a more or less totalitarian society.

In West Germany, even today, exposed officials invariably spend agonizing and embarrassing months clinging to the emoluments of office—to the delight of East Germany's ever-ready propaganda machinery, which can point an accusing finger and pillory the Bonn government in front of "incensed world public opinion." And when the West German official finally does resign, it is inevitably under massive public and media pressure.

Actually, the "past" in East Germany has been neither digested nor vomited. It has been simply and conveniently forgotten. And on those rare occasions when it is conjured or resuscitated, it is not regarded as the *German*, but the *West* German, past. As blatant a falsification of history as this may be, it is a situation to which the West Germans themselves contributed immeasurably by contending for decades that the Federal Republic was the only legal German state and the legitimate successor to the German Reich.

Besides rendering West Germany's diplomatic position untenable in the increasingly complicated game of international power politics, that doctrine made it easy for East Germany to absolve itself of moral and material obligations deriving from the Third Reich. The East German regime maintains to this day that in abolishing capitalism, "the soil of Nazism," and in "completely expunging Nazism and racism," it has already paid the "greatest reparation and made the greatest restitution" for the crimes committed.

These arguments play a predominant role in the treatment of the past in East German education. Whatever may have been wrong about the teaching of history and textbooks in West German schools for many years after the war—and there was plenty wrong—it was mild compared with the distorted and erroneous picture of recent German history that is still being presented to youth in the GDR.

In East German textbooks and lesson plans the history of Hitler's rise to power and the Third Reich is presented largely through the ideological filter of the international class struggle. Thus, the most widely used modern history book for tenth-graders states:

> German monopoly capitalism was looking for ways with which to transfer the burdens of the international economic and financial crisis onto the shoulders of the working masses, and for means with which to break the resistance of the working class against a policy of repression. To accomplish this, and to realize their ambitions of aggression, the most reactionary forces of German monopoly capitalism planned the total abolition of bourgeois democracy and the establishment of a brutal reign of terror.
>
> To establish this brutal regime of terror, they needed a tool—a political party—that would divide and confuse the working masses. For this purpose the most reactionary forces of monopoly capitalism furthered the fascist party led by Hitler. . . .

Resistance to Hitler, according to this

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book, was organized and waged exclusively by the German Communist Party. The crimes of Nazism—except for those committed against the Soviet people—are treated superficially. Moreover, those crimes were committed and the war of aggression was waged, not by Germans, but by nationally anonymous people persistently referred to merely as "the fascists."

"Hitler was human, and only when his humanness has been fully understood by the German people will they be able . . . to digest the past."

And what about education in West Germany?

One of the first missions of the Allied military government was to clean out the Augean stable of German education: to sift and screen the teachers for their past records and for their political leanings; to throw out the Nazi schoolbooks filled with propaganda and racist and chauvinistic lies. And for more than a dozen years after the end of the war, it was generally assumed that these things had been done, that everything in West German education was in order, that the teachers were democratically oriented, that the textbooks were properly written. The new generation, the generation that had not been poisoned by Nazi indoctrination, was expected to emerge as the hope of the future.

But in the late Fifties a succession of shocking incidents and disclosures challenged all those comfortable assumptions. There was first of all the exposure of a number of high-school teachers who either had been Nazis or had joined postwar neo-Nazi parties and were indoctrinating their pupils with racist and anti-Semitic views. Then in April 1959 Juergen Neven-duMont, a muckraking television journalist, touched off an explosive scandal with a 45-minute documentary special, based on interviews with pupils and teachers in 12 elementary and secondary schools in four West German states. He demonstrated that the postwar young had been taught virtually nothing about the Third Reich or Hitler's rise to power. Textbooks skimmed over the period in brief, sweeping, and often distorting generalities. Teachers, many of them too embarrassed to admit that they, too, had supported the Nazi regime, skillfully evaded the theme by hiding behind lesson plans that allowed no time for instruction about "more recent history." For years, Neven-duMont showed, post-war youth had been the victims of a conspiracy of silence.

"Who was Adolf Hitler, and what did he do?" he asked a class of *Volksschule* seniors, that is, 14-year-olds who, like 85 percent of all German youngsters at that time, would be leaving school at the end of the semester to enter apprenticeships and would have virtually no further formal education. Up went several hands. "Hitler sold badges in order to take over the government," one boy replied. "He had a mustache, gave work to the unemployed, and built the Autobahn," explained another. "He did a lot for the workers by sending them out on pleasure-ships at low rates," answered a third. "It was pretty good under Hitler in one respect," said a fourth youngster, "because there were no murderers of taxi drivers and women like we have today. They were done away with right away. Also, young people were able to join organizations like the Hitler Youth."

Under the impact of these disclosures and events, and under pressure of criticism from abroad, a painful reappraisal of history and civics instruction in West Germany's decentralized, state-administered school system began. Lesson plans were reshaped and textbooks were scrutinized and ordered rewritten if publishers expected them to be approved for use in the schools.

The results were encouraging. In 1965 I retraced some of Juergen Neven-duMont's steps, visiting the same schools to which he had gone in 1959 and asking the same questions. Where less than 2 percent had been able to give him satisfactory answers about the Third Reich, 70 to 80 percent of those pupils I interviewed and tested were well informed and replied with spontaneity and in great detail.

I also examined the revised editions of those history books that had been criticized in 1959 and 1960, as well as new ones that had been issued here. Most of the books had a completely new approach. Those that had previously devoted only a sentence or two to the persecution of the Jews dwelled on the subject for several pages. They were illustrated with photographs that gave an entirely new slant on history. Whereas in the earlier editions there had been pictures only, or primarily, of bombed-out *German* cities, hungry and ragged *German* children, and *German* refugees fleeing from Silesia and Pomerania, the new editions contained photographs showing bombed-out Rotterdam, Londoners cowering in air-raid shelters, massacred Russian soldiers, innocent civilians being executed by German troops, and Jews being marched at gunpoint from the Warsaw ghetto toward death in concentration camps.

I also detected an entirely new tone. "It is terrible for us Germans to recall the murder of millions in the concentration and extermination camps," said one textbook used primarily in Bavarian schools. "But we must do so, for the war with all its horrors has been largely forgotten and because we must do everything possible to prevent such crimes from being committed again. . . ." Altered, too, was the approach to the question of collective German responsibility and the widely propagated view that no one in Germany had really known about the concentration camps until the war was over and the truth came out.

One history book, still in wide use, takes this interesting approach to the problem: "Perhaps there are reminders of this aspect of National Socialist rule in your town: street names, for example, of some of Hitler's victims; cemeteries; monuments or buildings behind whose walls these terrible things happened. Find out about them and keep the memories alive. Perhaps there is a former concentration camp nearby. You should visit such sites to envision for yourselves what transpired there."

In 1974 I again examined those history and civics books most widely used in West German schools. I found them even more frank and detailed in their treatment of the Weimar period and the Nazi regime than textbooks used a decade ago. And even further revisions and improvements are now being made, especially regarding treatment of the important democratic episodes of German history, such as the medieval peasant uprisings and the revolutions of 1848 and 1918.

Ultimately, of course, what Germany's young people learn about the past and the Third Reich depends less on the content of their schoolbooks than on their

(Continued on page 57.)

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IBM Reports

The computer and research

The computer serves society in many ways. It is an information organizer, helping deal with large amounts of data. It is a productivity tool, helping us make better use of our resources. It is a management tool, providing perspective on complex decisions.

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The Rebellious Monarch

Edward VIII
by Frances Donaldson
Lippincott, 477 pp., $15

Reviewed by Elizabeth Longford

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a British peer who confessed to having a special "thing" about the Duke of Windsor. Someday, he firmly believed, when the mud and dust had settled, the Duke would take his place in history as the best of British sovereigns. Someday, he fervently hoped, the monarch who had been idolized as Prince Charming would again be deeply loved—*just because* he had sacrificed a throne for love. I suggested that he read Frances Donaldson's *Edward VIII*. More than fanatical romanticism is needed to survive the quiet revelations of this outstanding biography.

Prince Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David was born in 1894, eldest son of the future King George V. The last four of his seven names were those of British patron saints, so he ought to have been well protected against the vicissitudes of life. Moreover, his first 16 years were lived in the pleasure-loving "Edwardian" era of his grandfather, Edward VII. Nevertheless, his youth was spent in a cold climate. Both his parents were inhibited, and to this his father added a quite unjustified despotism.

In a striking passage, Lady Donaldson summarizes the Prince's consequent attitude to authority as that of a rebellious schoolboy, but a schoolboy whose "primary function was to assuage the infantile longing of the rest of mankind for a father figure." Edward remained a lifelong schoolboy in a more literal sense. His education was "restricted," and he lacked "close contact with civilized minds." These conditions, together with "the freak of birth, which placed him in a unique position of isolation and preeminence," are cited by Lady Donaldson as the most important influences in his youth.

I would add one further youthful influence: the position at Edward VII's court of Mrs. George Keppel, the King's beautiful paramour. It seems that Prince Edward had noticed the disturbing effect of Mrs. Keppel's position on his grandmother and parents despite that lady's remarkable discretion. From this I deduce that, consciously or not, the future Edward VIII had been early inoculated against the age-old resort to royal concubines. When the time came for him to ascend the throne himself, he was prepared at a pinch to offer Wallis Warfield Simpson the *pis aller* of a morganatic marriage—never the position of King's mistress.

Meanwhile, the youthful Prince of Wales had become a soldier-prince in World War I. Situations of danger were to bring out the marked duality of his character. His admirable courage forbade him from serving willingly anywhere but on the front lines, but his insensitivity prevented him from realizing the possible effect of his rashness on other people. "What does it matter if I am killed?" he asked. "I have four brothers." Did it not matter to Bertie, the eldest of his four brothers? That was a question Edward never asked himself, not even when he abdicated and forced a shuddering Bertie onto the throne.

Another significant incident had occurred early in 1914. This Prince of Wales objected to wearing war medals that he had not been given the chance of earning on the field of battle. His father called him "silly"—meaning that he had failed to distinguish between the office and the man. It was as a soldier-prince in 1918 that Edward met his first true love, Mrs. Dudley Ward, to whom

UPI
Edward VIII—A failure to distinguish between the office and the man.

he was to be faithful for 16 years—indeed, until Mrs. Simpson superseded her. The author attaches little importance to Edward's partially concurrent affair with Lady Furness, except to emphasize that all three were married women, the Prince being incapable of falling for unmarried girls. I feel it was partly his revolt against the "deb" system—scheming mamas hurling their daughters at his head—and partly perhaps that he wanted to win his true love, like his war medals, on the field of battle, where a husband's entrenched position could be assaulted and occupied.

Over the Freda Dudley Ward affair, the author's inside knowledge comes triumphantly into play. She asserts that Edward was "abjectly" in love with Freda, an adverb that tellingly conveys both the desperate seriousness of his passion and its characteristic ingredient of slavishness. The women he loved had to dominate him. And Lady Donaldson seems to equate this craving for a quasi-maternal relationship on their part with his infallible preference for married women. Could one add "for American married women" in due course? His rousing visits to America in 1919 and 1924 had been his first tastes of entirely

Elizabeth Longford is the author of several works, including Queen Victoria: Born to Succeed; Wellington: The Years of the Sword; *and* The Royal House of Windsor.

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congenial delights and spontaneous popularity. Here, in a young, dynamic country where anything could happen, he may have conceived his mission—to be a "modern"-style king. But in England he was to find many years later that one thing could *not* happen. Even a "modern" British monarch could not marry a twice-divorced woman and retain his throne.

The story of Edward's abdication in 1936 has been told a hundred times and will surely be retold as often. It is one of those irresistible royal sagas that crop up roughly every century: Edward VIII and Mrs. Simpson, Edward VII and Mrs. Langtry, George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles II and Nell Gwyn, and so on. Lady Donaldson handles her narrative with exceptional clarity and in great detail—a rare combination. If her tone is occasionally severe toward the lovers, her arguments are always fair.

Her main strictures are reserved for the King. "Both at the time of the Abdication and for the rest of his life," she writes, "the King would always show the most extraordinary obtuseness in relation to the facts." She quotes against him the Cavalier poet Richard Lovelace's famous lines: "I could not love thee Dear so much,/Lov'd I not honour more," pointing out that his conduct could never seem anything but "contemptible" to those of his contemporaries who had been reared in that "moral precept."

No one could possibly suppose that the last third of the King's story, entitled here "The Duke of Windsor," would be anything but anticlimax. Yet such is the author's good fortune in acquiring brilliant new sources, and her skill in using the published Foreign Office papers, that I for one found this part of the book most fascinating of all. Her friend Lady Alexandra Metcalfe has put at her disposal the whole gamut of frank, detailed letters written by Major "Fruity" Metcalfe to his wife, when he was in the Duke of Windsor's service, between the abdication and World War II. The letters include the wedding.

This brilliant beginning to Part III is suitably capped by the unbelievable events of July and August 1940. The scene is neutral Portugal and Spain, the action a clash between the British and German intelligence services for the souls of the Duke and the Duchess. Quite sincerely the Duke believed he might become an intermediary between Britain, which he regarded as virtually defeated, and the Germany of Hitler and Ribbentrop, which he almost admired. Again the Duke was inconceivably "obtuse" (to use the author's earlier word) in failing to appreciate the "No Surrender" spirit of Churchill and the British people. Churchill was prepared to fight the Germans "on the beaches" or "in the hills" but not in the corridors of Franco's Spain, where a foolish ducal couple might be held as embarrassing hostages. If the British people had known what was going on, they would have reciprocated the Foreign Office's sigh of relief when the new governor of the Bahamas and his lovely lady safely reached their wartime billet.

Frances Donaldson has not much to say of the Windsors' impact on the British monarchy or on the latter's future. The Duke is judged as a man with a job. Her honest, keenly questioning researches have produced an oeuvre that is substantial in both size and importance. It is a book that the general reader will buy and keep, the scholar constantly refer to, and the royalist consume with passionate and often wry interest. □

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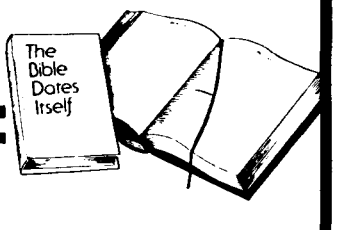

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From Madcap to Dowager

Princess Alice: A Biography of Alice Roosevelt Longworth
by James Brough
Little, Brown, 335 pp., $10

Doers and Dowagers
by Felicia Warburg Roosevelt
Doubleday, 240 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Merle Miller

No doubt Alice Roosevelt Longworth is, as Felicia Warburg Roosevelt says, a living legend ("the greatest, grandest dame in America"), and legends, living or dead, are likely to be regarded as something larger than life, far more interesting and, well, more charming than they really are. Also, Mrs. Longworth got to be 91 in February, and at least among the well-heeled, age and wisdom are often regarded as synonymous.

Not only that, Mrs. Longworth has been a celebrity of sorts ever since her father, Theodore, was President (1901–09), and she was married in the White House, which is always an *event*.

In her youth Ms. Roosevelt, frequently wearing her "Alice blue gown," was what newspaper folks at the time called a "madcap"—meaning she smoked cigarettes, drank champagne until all hours, and made public fun of such national monuments as her father's successor in the White House, William Howard Taft, and Taft's humorless wife, Nellie. Indeed, father Teddy once said, "I can either run the country or control Alice. Not both." I gather he decided in favor of the country.

Mrs. Longworth still has an awesome reputation in Washington, D.C., as a wit, although it must be kept in mind that Washington is a city in which real wit is as rare as seriousness. The inhabitants down there are solemn, but they are seldom serious. Only the solemn and the sanctimonious could keep a straight face when Gerry Ford sounds off about the economics of the Republic. You have to either laugh or cry. You can't just sit there.

People have been relating Mrs. Longworth's witticisms to me for years now, and I have yet to laugh. E.g.—a very famous e.g.—concerning the late Dorothy Thompson: "She is the only woman who had her menopause in public and got paid for it.". . . Yes, yes, go on. You mean that's *all*?

Still, wit is fragile and, I am told, a matter of taste, and in Washington even the feeblest trace of it must be encouraged.

As for wisdom. Well, to phrase it gently, Mrs. Longworth's political judgments over the years seem to me to have been less than brilliant. After World War I she was an earnest and enthusiastic enemy of the League of Nations, and, as

Alice Roosevelt Longworth—"An awesome reputation as a wit."

Mr. Brough says, "There were people who called Alice 'the colonel of death' and blamed her more than anyone else in the country for the Senate's refusal to ratify the peace treaty."

She hated her cousin Franklin's New Deal and was widely quoted at the time as being less than fond of the man himself. The years have apparently softened her judgment; she recently told Felicia Roosevelt that she "really enjoyed" Franklin. "We could have had much more fun had we seen more of each other."

We are all entitled to rearrange our autobiographies as we stumble along; at least most of us do, and it is true that memory is a gentleman.

Alice doesn't claim that she ever became overly fond of cousin Eleanor. "She was an amazing do-gooder but for me not exciting. I knew she had a miserable life as a child—just a wretched family life. Imagine being called 'Granny' as a child. It was really vicious."

Whenever she could, Alice encouraged, aided, and abetted Franklin's clandestine romance with Lucy Mercer Rutherfurd. Poor Eleanor. "Later in life of course," Mr. Brough tells us, "[Alice] turned very pious and kindly in her reminiscences."

In the late Thirties in Washington Mrs. Longworth was probably most famous, in right-wing circles anyway, for her unkind imitation of poor Eleanor's high-pitched voice; I heard it a time or two. Not funny enough. Try harder.

Alice's heroes at that time were the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, the priest from Royal Oak, Mich., who every Sunday preached anti-Semitism over a national radio hookup, and Sen. Huey Long, the Louisiana demagogue who before he was assassinated had in mind being the dictator he felt the United States would need after it got rid of Franklin.

She was also an ardent fan of America First, the isolationist group that tried to keep the United States out of World War II and that included among its members a number of ardent admirers of Adolf Hitler's Third Reich. After the war Mrs. Longworth became a member of a committee formed to celebrate "United States Day" in opposition to "United Nations Day." And so on and on.

Mr. Brough quotes a cousin of hers (not named) as saying, "Alice has never been a very constructive person. I've never really heard her *for* something." And Brough adds, "The Oyster Bay Roosevelts tended to think of that as 'a great tragedy.' 'So much of her father,' as one privately remarked, 'without the purpose.' They looked in vain for continuity in her life."

Brough doesn't examine any of these matters; all he does is relate them in prose that is either purple or leaden or both. What he reports seems to have come largely from newspaper and magazine clippings, ill-digested and unorganized. There are also odd and puzzling sentences like these, written as a kind of

Merle Miller is author most recently of Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman.

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coda to Mrs. Longworth's political fancies:

> What she possessed and joyfully exercised was snob power, more than anyone else in the United States. . . . Snob power equalled political power, and Alice gloried in it. She stayed ahead of the crowd, which is where she felt compelled to be. It would be demeaning to be anywhere else. In a republic which too many people mistook for a democracy, Alice remained the last of its true aristocrats.

Ahead of what crowd? When was that? And snob power equalled political power? When was *that*, pray? Where? Where since Louis XVI took hurried leave of his office?

Brough, whose book is endless, never pauses to explain. He is too busy giving us sentences like this: "The years stretched on like summer nights in the Nordic islands whose gods had once set her imagination on fire." Mrs. Longworth's imagination, that is. Brough must take full responsibility for the sentence, and while I am all in favor of the First Amendment and am a lifelong member of the American Civil Liberties Union...

Brough keeps saying that Alice Roosevelt had a happy childhood, and Felicia Roosevelt insists that it was "carefree." I don't believe it: "My mother died as a result of my birth." After that Theodore never again, in Alice's presence anyway, mentioned her mother. "I wasn't, I just wasn't my father's favorite."

And he was often less than kind. Once when the President and his family were at the estate at Sagamore Hill, a young farmer rushed his buggy past the guards at the gate and started toward the house. The farmer had said that he wanted to marry Alice, and after a pistol was found in his buggy, he was taken away. There was some question as to his sanity, which Teddy settled once and for all by saying: "Of course he's insane. He wanted to marry Alice."

Where I was born and raised that is hardly TLC.

All right. Mrs. Longworth's politics have always seemed questionable to me, but I like reading about a number of people I'd stay far away from. She is a fascinating woman, I suspect a very bitter woman, and someday a writer will write a fascinating book about her. In the meantime *Princess Alice* can be safely ignored. Her own haphazard autobiography, *Crowded Hours*, which was published in 1933, is far more entertaining and revealing. And so are the few pages Felicia Warburg Roosevelt (wife of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.) devotes to her in *Doers and Dowagers*.

Mrs. Roosevelt recalls that in *Crowded Hours* Mrs. Longworth explains why she never cared much for dancing. When she was young, she says, men didn't know about deodorants, and they smelled.

Mrs. Roosevelt also considers the odd marriage of Alice (then aged 22) and Nicholas Longworth, a 34-year-old Harvard man from Cincinnati; he was bald, a heavy drinker, and a considerable gambler. When Mrs. Roosevelt asks whether the marriage was a happy one, "... [Alice's] only answer is, 'I suppose so.' She candidly told me that she had no particular feelings about her husband. ... 'No. None. Absolutely none.' "

About all they seem to have had in common was a certain enthusiasm for the work of Charles Dickens. Their only child, Paulina, was born after 18 years of marriage: "It was just something that happened and the publicity was a nuisance, so I kept it in the dark—more or less."

Something less than joyous there. And in the house on Massachusetts Avenue, in which tea and cookies are served every afternoon, "all the old furniture is covered with crumpled plastic 'so cat won't get it.' The rooms defy traditional-decorating buffs, and it is part of her humor to allow poison ivy to grow around the entrance to her door."

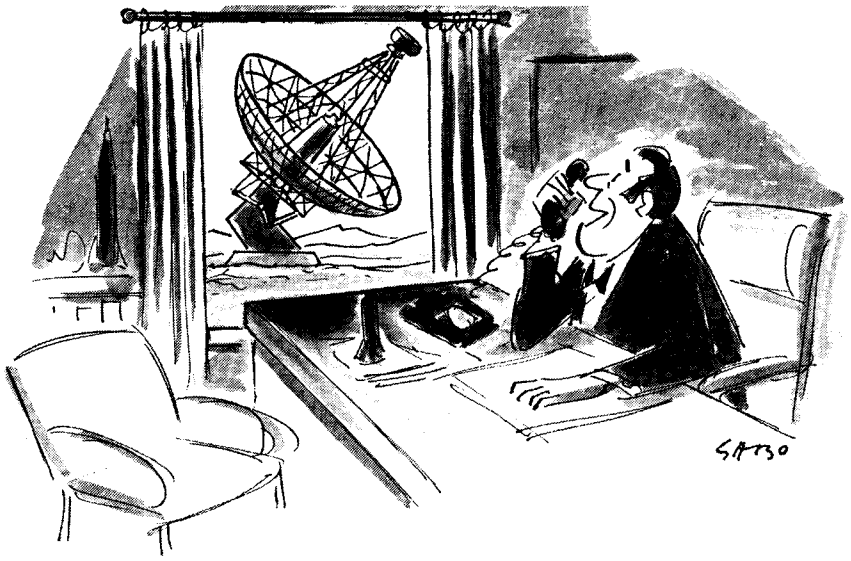
Plastic poison ivy would be nice.

In addition to Mrs. Longworth, Felicia Roosevelt deals with two other living legends, both of whom I personally find more lovable. One is Diana Vreeland, a Brewster neighbor of mine who for an entire lifetime, almost, was a woman of very high fashion and passion at *Harper's Bazaar* and at *Vogue*. High fashion has always struck me as a monumental bore and of interest only to women without much on their minds, but Mrs. Vreeland is an intelligent woman and concerned with many more important things. She is now, at 71, a consultant to the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum, and I would love to read *her* biography. The other is Peggy Guggenheim, 76, and her contribution to modern painting is inestimable. Just to begin, she was one of the first to recognize the genius of Jackson Pollock. Ms. Guggenheim has written two autobiographies, both of which I have read and liked. It's high time for a third.

AMONG THE "ACHIEVERS" in Mrs. Roosevelt's book are another neighbor of mine, Marian Anderson, and, from slightly farther down the turnpike, Lila Acheson Wallace, who with her husband founded the *Reader's Digest*. Mrs. Wallace is far more interesting and complex than the magazine. More valuable, too. "Eschewing interviews, she pursues her job, her interests, silently but with purpose. Giving away millions so that 'I hope I can really spend all my money before I die. At least I'm still trying.' "

She's spending it well, too.

Mrs. Roosevelt's book deals with 20 women, all of whom were *feminists* before the word became fashionable. While I would go to any lengths to avoid meeting some of the women, I enjoyed reading about all of them. □



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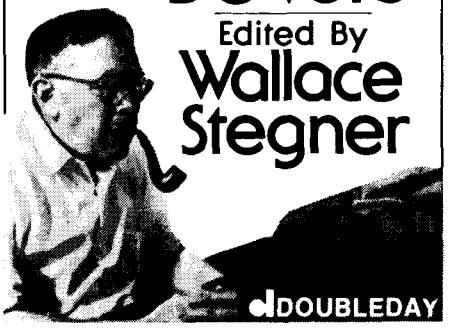

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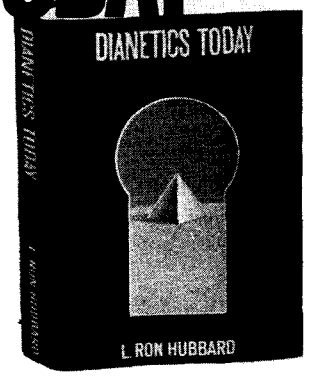

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By America Obsessed

The Man of Only Yesterday: Frederick Lewis Allen
by Darwin Payne
Harper & Row, 340 pp., $12.50

The Letters of Bernard DeVoto
Edited by Wallace Stegner
Doubleday, 393 pp., $10

Reviewed by Alfred Kazin

Frederick Lewis Allen and Bernard DeVoto were born in the 1890s and died in the 1950s. Both went to Harvard and in one capacity or another stayed in the Harvard orbit all their lives. Both were associated much of their lives with *Harper's* magazine, Allen as editor and DeVoto as occupant of the "Easy Chair" column. The intellectual passion of each was the American past. Both are likely to be remembered for easily readable, nostalgic books of American history that exhibit the necessary gift of the popular historian in America for expressing the heart's tug of middle-class American readers away from big cities and the mass age.

When you consider how utterly different Allen and DeVoto were in background, in personality, and especially in intellectual range and ambition, it is curious to realize how alike they were in their American traditionalism-cum-liberalism, their political decency—and their removal from imaginative literature. Like all *good* best-selling authors, they were just like the public for which they wrote. Allen—it is a pity that Darwin Payne's rewritten Ph.D. biography of the man is so banal—came of old Puritan stock, was and looked the earnest twinkly Yankee, and was a thoroughly unpretentious man who correctly thought of himself as a conduit to the moderately literary, professional class that had always taken *Harper's*. His biographer has not examined this relationship to the magazine audience, but it is just this that makes Allen's handling of *Harper's* interesting.

DeVoto was born in Utah of an Italian ex-Catholic father and an ex-Mormon mother. He never got over his origins, though he celebrated the "West" as if he were its surrogate. All his life he was belligerently, unappeasably self-conscious about his roots, his looks, his unrequited gifts as a "scientific" analyst, novelist, teacher. He thought he should have been a psychiatrist. The most emotional and insecure of men, he could not write a letter without telling you how right *he* was on all matters of fact. Naturally, as letters, these letters are never charming or graceful. They are just terribly positive, not "personal," just documents in Benny DeVoto's endless need to assert himself to critics, opponents, skeptics.

Twenty years after his death, Frederick Allen remains dear to his friends because of his unassuming charm. Twenty years after his death, DeVoto remains dear to friends like Wallace Stegner because he loved sharing what he knew, because of his courage as a civil-liberties fighter, because he became a great spokesman for conservation against all the special-interest groups that never got tired trying to rob the national preserve. DeVoto's greatest appeal to his friends was his aching, overwhelming need of love and assurance. Allen was so obviously in control that the contrast between the two men is fascinating.

Since I never knew DeVoto but have been reading him all my life, I find his intellectual self-assertiveness in *everything* hard to take. Stegner's editing of so many stiffly polemical letters, like his biography of DeVoto, *The Uneasy Chair*, is humorously objective as well as affectionate. But as a writer, DeVoto was possessed by a *folie de grandeur* that is just as intrusive in the letters as in preposterous blunderbuss attacks on the major poets, novelists, and critics of the twentieth century. DeVoto could never admit that he wrote from a violent emotional bias. In attacking the supposed follies and vile anti-American prejudices of the literary criticism *and* poetry *and* fiction written in the Twenties, DeVoto misconceived literature in the crassest possible way by stridently demanding that *one* writer reflect the sum total of what *all* Americans were experiencing.

DeVoto had no understanding of what imaginative literature is. As he said over and over, "reality" is concerned with "things, not words." Ironically, he eventually fell a victim to his insistence that literature show a literal, point-to-point

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Alfred Kazin is the author of a number of works of literary criticism, most recently Bright Book of Life.

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relationship to the national experience. As editor of Mark Twain's unpublished papers, he came more and more to see that there was indeed, as Van Wyck Brooks had said, an "ordeal" to the writer's life. And the more DeVoto became aware, during World War II, that American power had become power-mad, too big and rich for its own good, that the "classical" Republic had somehow gone off the rails, the more DeVoto's trilogy of the "continental experience"– *The Year of Decision, Across*

the Wide Missouri, The Course of Empire–went in for a geographical, geopolitical, ethically neutral nationalism. The "continental experience" significantly replaced the American social virtues in whose name DeVoto had clobbered the imaginative writers who had written of "reality" as the individual, dreamlike experience of our consciousness. DeVoto was afraid of his own dreams.

DeVoto's "continental" trilogy, homage to the enduring significance of the western experience, is far more informed and ambitious in every way than Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday, Since Yesterday, The Lords of Creation, The Big Change*. But despite his passion for the West, DeVoto as historical thinker is not a whit deeper than was Allen in his modest, nostalgic best-sellers about the supposed disruption of American life since the Twenties. A mild bitterness is in one form or another the burden of all successful American writing. We always write about ourselves as if we were Gatsby, cheated of *the* girl.

DeVoto combatively identified himself with the Old West but spent his life in Cambridge. He never got over the fact that he was refused tenure at Harvard and had to edit *The Saturday Review of Literature* instead. Sentimentally–in lieu of more subtle and honest explanations –he attacked the major writers as somehow faithless to America. Then, as America became more overbearing, imperial, DeVoto plumped for the "national destiny" as a geographical necessity from sea to shining sea precisely because our "manifest destiny" had at last become politically and humanly unbearable to him.

The more DeVoto saw that the U.S. government lied to its people, spied on them, collaborated with special interests to rob the people, the more DeVoto spun his rapturous historical romance about the trailsmen, the trappers, the explorers, the missionaries of the Old West. Nothing new in this–all American writers specialize in romantic disenchantment; this seems to have begun in 1492. But DeVoto could never admit to a vital change in his perspective. He *always* had to be right.

What is worse, he had a kind of cultural Nixonism, a belief that the "East" ran the Establishment. The "leftist" intellectuals, as Mr. Stegner dutifully echoes here, wrote all the literary histories. Well, why didn't the virtuous sons of the Golden West write them? For the same reason that Eliot, Pound, Fitzgerald, Cather, Hemingway, Dos Passos, Lewis–midwesterners all–never went back, any more than DeVoto did, to stay.

Frederick Lewis Allen had it much easier–moving between Boston and New York. But then, Allen was not a perpetual sorehead, not cursed by the delusion that he had to be right all the time and right about everything. DeVoto was a great journalist, but he lacked the one quality that would have excused and redeemed his lifelong belligerency. He was not a genius. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 32

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Creative, Uh, Writing

J. K., who describes himself as a "teacher of creative writing," is "looking forward to" (that is, bracing himself against) another school year and writes to ask (so help me) "what stylistic advice [I] would deem most pertinent to the needs and career goals of creative writers at the junior college level."

I never taught anything as fancy as creative writing. I have, in my time, been something like a coach to a sort of workshop for would-be writers, some of whom later made it to substantial publication in spite of me.

The fact is that I don't know how to teach creative writing or even plain writing (which is probably the harder of the two). My guess is that it cannot be taught. The test of a writer, once he has learned something about language as a medium, is invention: given a theme, a plot, the metaphoric sequence of a poem, what does a writer do next? What does he imagine into place that meets the demands of what he has already written and even possibly provides that fulfillment-plus that Keats called "a fine excess"?

Everything in a good piece of writing must be *chosen into it*. The quality of any writing (unless it is impossibly marred by illiteracy) is the quality of the writer's inventions (choices).

No one can teach invention. The ability to invent is a *developed talent*, which is not talent alone but talent refined by attention and discipline.

Given a talented student, a writing coach can be useful in developing the talent. He cannot make a gift of it. He cannot be more than tentative about it. He can read the manuscripts, one at a time, and bring to them a fresh (he hopes) pair of eyes. He can help the writer get outside his own writing. He can poke, prod, compare one invention with another, asking which seems the more satisfying to the writer himself. He can suggest models and examples. He can guess that a passage does not work and ramble on about other possible approaches to the material of that passage.

The writer must learn for himself, but a coach can prod him to views and to questions he might not have come to for years if left unprodded.

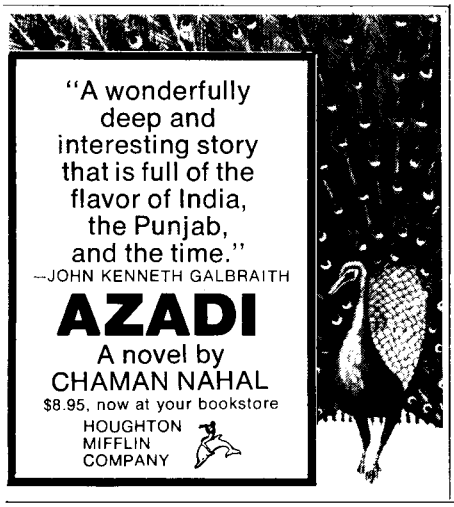
One night, after a jam session, Dizzy Gillespie remarked over a drink, "Man, it took me 25 years just to learn what to leave out." Twenty-five years later he might have said that it took him 50 years and that he was still learning. The ideal coach might come up with suggestions to speed up that self-learning time.

Part of the good coach's work is to spare lack-of-talent the sufferings of its own illusions. Is it too much to say that a good writing coach can recognize talent (and lack-of-talent) at least as readily as an accomplished musician can recognize musical talent? If a piano teacher is uncertain about a beginner, he cannot remain uncertain about an advanced student who wants a concert career but is not equal to it. It may seem cruel to say, "I don't think you have it," but if the talent is not there, it is not useful to emote about creative joy and self-enrichment. It happens that bad writers sometimes commit their lives as fully as good writers do. A writer may be a man who has labored to make himself unemployable and who must, therefore, take what comfort he can in his decision. But, teacher, let it be *his own* life decision: what right have you to enforce your own eager expectations upon another person's life? Deem it impertinent, I beg you.

The young writer is eager to be told that he has talent and that a career awaits him. Sooner or later he is certain to ask, "Can I make it?" I will not trust the man who is not terrified by such a question. And yet it recurs, and every serious writing coach must fumble for his answer. One reasonable answer, I suggest, might run as follows: "I have been reading your manuscripts for a year or two now. I think I can sense the mortal itch your writing is trying to scratch, though the itch may be not mortality but only adolescence, the difference being that adolescence can be survived. I may be wrong, but I doubt that language is your medium. Try music. Try painting. Try dance or acting. Go stick your fingers into some clay and see if they know more than you do. Or go sullen and make me eat my words. But don't put me in the terrible position of telling you to commit your life to language."

As for J.K. (in all his many manifestations), I distrust him. I deem his idiom to creak and his career goals to be a can of worms. I suspect him of believing in bolts of inspiration that strike from nowhere into the souls of beautiful people, who have only to wait passively and then take pains not to damage the miracle by revision.

I recommend that he try some other medium. Perhaps a mop and broom. Why shouldn't the act of cleaning up the schoolroom be at least as satisfying as the act of littering it? □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artsletter

Prepared in cooperation
with the National Society of Literature
and the Arts.

HIT BY HAYDN. An integral recording of Haydn's complete symphonies, on 48 LPs by the Philharmonia Hungarica Orchestra under Antal Dorati's direction, has passed the million sales mark; not a million complete sets, but a million separate records — which is still quite an achievement for a composer who was never supposed to be big box office. Though Haydn was born in Austria, he worked for much of his life on the Hungarian estate of his patron, Count Esterházy; so it is appropriate that the recording of his complete symphonies should be by a Hungarian conductor and orchestra. The Philharmonia Hungarica was formed by musicians who fled Hungary after the 1956 uprising and who now make their headquarters in the West German town of Marl, near Düsseldorf. Decca Records of Great Britain underwrote the venture. In this country the complete Haydn symphonies are available on the company's London Records label.

Although the financing and execution of the Haydn project originated in Europe, the set might never have been made without the dedication and enthusiasm of an American musicologist. Shortly after World War II, a young Bostonian named H. C. Robbins Landon went to Europe fired with the determination to track down the scores of Haydn's 100-plus symphonies exactly as the composer had written them. Previous editions of the symphonies were incomplete and inauthentic. After years of sleuthing in out-of-the-way archives, H. C. Robbins Landon found them all, and it is his edition (published by Universal of Vienna) that is, of course, used for the complete recording.

HEMINGWAY AWARD. First novelists — whose financial prospects have always been precarious and are ever more so today — can look forward to a $3,000 prize specifically tailored for them. This is the Ernest Hemingway Foundation Award for the best (according to judges appointed by the PEN Executive Board) first-published novel or collection of short stories. The initial award will be made in 1976 for a book published in 1975, and entries should be sent to the PEN American Center, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010, before December 31 this year.

ALI-SHEED. Many of the gift books, or "coffee-table" books, put out by publishers are products of "packagers," who work quietly behind the scenes. Basically what a packager does is to come up with an idea for a book, match it with an author, and sell the idea to a publisher, who offers a working advance. The packager himself arranges for the design and printing of the book (frequently, the printing is done abroad, but the trend is now more and more toward American printers). Finished books are then delivered to the publisher's warehouse. In most cases the packager has made separate arrangements for publication in foreign countries, principally England, Germany, and Japan. He also controls later paperbound editions and participates in book-club income, passing on part of his share to the author. The advantage to the author is that he gets his money up front and doesn't have to worry about bookstore returns if the book is a flop. The advantage to the publisher is a great savings in overhead, employee working time, etc.

Four major packagers are active in American book trade. The two oldest are Jerry Mason's Ridge Press and Paul Steiner's Chanticleer Press. Coming up fast are Albert Rice Leventhal's Vineyard Books and Lawrence Schiller's Alskog, Inc. Schiller packaged the hugely successful Marilyn with Norman Mailer and the far less successful The Faith of Graffiti, also with Mailer. He has now come

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up with another potentially promising idea, a book about Muhammad Ali, to be called Ali. Looking for a "name" author, he approached such writers as John Updike, Erica Jong, Kurt Vonnegut, Philip Roth, Tom Wolfe, and George Plimpton. In each case, something didn't click (it wasn't the money; his offers were huge). Either the writer didn't know, or care, about boxing or was engaged in a major project he couldn't interrupt. Schiller, who produces a book the way a magazine is produced, needed somebody who could work fast, since his agreement with the American publisher, Thomas Y. Crowell, Co., was to have finished books by August. He finally found his writer, a boxing fan and a frequent contributor to Sports Illustrated, Wilfrid Sheed. Sheed is, of course, also a distinguished critic and novelist, and a judge of the Book of the Month Club. As of this writing, all is signed, and Sheed is about to take off for Ali's training camp.

OPERATIC FUTURES FOR RECORDING. Two previously unrecorded operas are in prospect for this summer's activities in European studios by RCA. Topping the list is Erich Wolfgang Korngold's Die tote Stadt, just revived by Julius Rudel and the New York City Opera. The recent spurt of activity on behalf of Jules Massenet (Thérèse by London Records, Thaïs by RCA) will be extended to include the composer's La Navarraise, in which Emma Calvé enjoyed great success in the 1890s.

BERTOLUCCI EPIC. Bernardo Bertolucci is wrapping up the shooting for his three-and-a-half-hour, $6 million production of 1900, the most costly film ever made in Italy. Bertolucci's epic (the Italian title, Novecento, while usually translated as "1900," also means "twentieth century") deals with half of our century, its story built around two boys who are born in the province of Emilia on the same day and grow up together amid social strife and war. Filming began last summer, the plan being to build the rhythm of the film around the changing seasons. "Summer," says 34-year-old Bertolucci, who co-wrote the script, "is childhood and adolescence, autumn and winter reveal the dark days of fascism, and with spring comes liberation and hope for the future." For his huge socio-historical study, Bertolucci assembled an international cast: Robert De Niro (U.S.) and Gérard Dépardieu (France) play the two chief protagonists, and other important roles are filled by Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, Dominique Sanda, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Werner Bruhns. The film will be dubbed in English, French, and Italian, and no fewer than three distributors will handle its release. Paramount hopes to have 1900 in U.S. theaters by late summer.

MITROPOULOS COMPETITION CANCELED. Quietly dropped from this year's schedule of New York events — without announcement or explanation — is the annual Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition. It has, by painstaking procedures and the devoted participation of an able jury supervised by Leonard Bernstein, produced such conducting winners as Claudio Abbado (artistic director, La Scala, Milan), Edo de Waart (music director of Rotterdam Philharmonic), and Moshe Atzmon (Hamburg). Young conductors around the world are hopeful that next January will find the competition again in session.

BALANCHINE TV TAPES. A Ford Foundation grant of $126,985 (why not a round $127,000?) goes to Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts to make five ballet TV tapes in cooperation with George Balanchine, artistic director of New York City Ballet. Lincoln Center is now working on solutions to various technical problems involved in transferring live performances from the stage onto home TV screens. New ballet tapes will be part of a continuing experimental program.

Lincoln Center has already produced effective opera and concert videotapes as prototypes for future regular TV broadcasts. It's probable that the Metropolitan Opera will be seen as well as heard on Saturday afternoons before too very long.

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Reassessments in Baltimore

by Katharine Kuh

Glamour is hardly the word for Roman sarcophagi. Even now I droop at the memory of those interminable carved caskets lining the ground floor of the Louvre. Nor would I ordinarily elevate the nineteenth-century French animal sculptor, Antoine Louis Barye, to a special place of honor, but since visiting the new wing and reinstalled collections at the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore I find my outlook changing, not alone about these two areas of art but about others. At this gallery, though lesser nineteenth-century European painters remain "lesser," their work acquires an unexpected luster when seen in intimate contact with that of their greatest contemporaries. Everywhere in this museum, esthetics and history are served with an even hand; everywhere discerning juxtapositions force re-evaluations.

Last November the Walters, long considered one of America's most distinguished treasure hoards, opened substantially enlarged and modernized galleries, thus making visible some 80 percent of its collections, only a fifth of which had previously been on view at one time. For students of almost any persuasion this museum has always been invaluable. Covering an immense time span (from the fourth millennium B.C. until the early twentieth century) and a wide range of places, it stresses quality, rarity, and, not least, quantity. Here, one seldom encounters isolated examples. Important works, usually buttressed by supporting concentrations, trace man's most apocalyptic achievements. One leaves the gallery with a sense of wonder. How could the human mind have encompassed so much in such abundant variety and yet maintained continuity? For example, a superb survey of ivory carvings reveals a relatively consistent tradition in spite of considerable diversity. These predominantly small works stem at once from the meticulous technique itself, from the contemporary mores of each period and place, and from other contributing media such as manuscript illuminations, which, by the way, the Walters Gallery also has in profusion. Indeed, in America this museum ranks second only to the Morgan Library as a center for early illuminated books.

What makes a visit to the Walters memorable is its splendid array of arti-

Detail from the Walters Gallery's Indian Triumph of Bacchus—*"Every object on the tomb takes on mythic overtones."*

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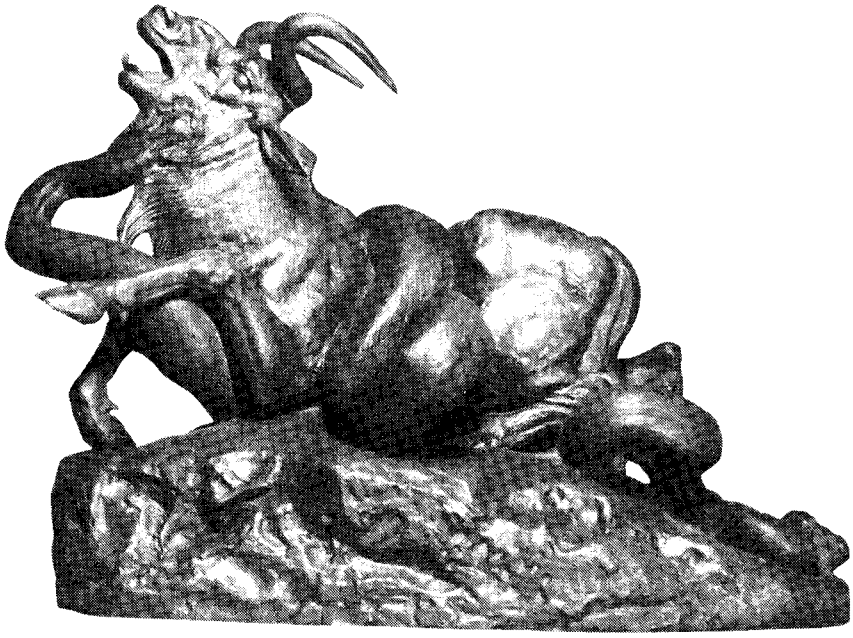
facts interacting in clarifying sequences and in surroundings conceived on a human scale. We are not overwhelmed by architectural grandeur but are introduced to works of art in a thoughtfully designed setting that permits a surprising degree of privacy. Now that most of the greatest treasures have been liberated from storage and made readily available, the museum is attracting a far larger public than heretofore. In fact, any Washington resident or visitor interested in art should waste no time. Baltimore is less than an hour away by train.

YOU WILL SEE at the museum, in addition to the featured groups I have already mentioned, myriad specialized collections with emphasis on medieval objects, sculpture ranging from classical to Oriental, ancient and Near Eastern treasures, Renaissance paintings, Sèvres porcelain, and so much more as to preclude listing. That the bulk of this encyclopedic assemblage was acquired by only two men, William T. Walters and his son Henry, is little short of miraculous, especially since both were also successful industrialists heading a large network of southern railroads. Though some objects have been added since Henry's death in 1931, 22,000 of the museum's 25,000 works were left to the city by him and are graphic proof of both his father's and his own discriminating zeal. He, apparently the more expansive and knowledgeable collector of the two, had the eye of an expert and the daring of a gambler. Without him the Walters Art Gallery would never have reached its present eminence.

It was William, however, who was responsible for the major part of the Barye collection, surely one of the best assemblages in existence of this nineteenth-century French sculptor's work. After his father's death in 1894, Henry added to the group, as did the Walters Gallery occasionally in subsequent years. Drawings, paintings, watercolors, wax and plaster models, plus over 150 bronzes forced this viewer to reassess an artist whom previously she had mildly admired while still finding him a bit too predictable.

At the Walters, thanks to the often high quality of the casts, to a startling installation, to the massive intermixture of media, and to an uncommonly sustained gusto, Barye emerges not as a routine period sculptor but as a super-romantic, a man who was equally at home with interpretations of solitude, serenity,



Barye's Python Killing a Gnu—"*A thrust that captures authentic emotions.*"

and above all violence in its most complex forms. His groups of wild animals with human attendants (such bronzes as *The Tiger Hunt*) put Remington's efforts to shame, for Barye refrains from obvious illustration, a pitfall his Western American counterpart rarely avoided. Though both men focused on animals, with Remington it was external verve that counted; with Barye, inner tensions.

MANY OF THE BALTIMORE CASTS are in pristine condition—not the usual dull posthumous ones we are apt to see these days. Surfaces are crisp, patinas subtle and glowing. Barye's work has suffered from mass production since his death, and though Emile Martin, an associate of his, claimed that the sculptor himself was dedicated to supplying an ever-expanding market, the finest works at the Walters were cast under the artist's direct supervision. William Walters spent time in Paris, where he came to know Barye personally, often visiting the sculptor's studio to commission specific bronzes. These examples, made during the artist's life, frequently have a surface definition that allows light to shape both motion and form. Take the entangled group, *Python Killing a Gnu*, and witness what patina and cross-hatching can do. Barye's best work has a thrust that goes beyond the particular to capture authentic emotions. He was, nonetheless, an academic sculptor; yet in Baltimore his work, arranged as it is in almost surrealist profusion, reveals him as more than a digit in the history of art, more than a follower or precursor. For the first time I saw him as an artist of stature in his own right and not merely as a useful cog in an evolving tradition.

Somewhat the same thing happened to me when I came upon the Roman sarcophagi at the Walters. There they stand near the new glass entrance, bathed in light and, as I said before, uncharacteristically glamorous. Even rigid casket-like shapes cannot constrain their exuberance. Henry Walters bought them as part of a spectacular purchase made in 1902 from Don Marcello Massarenti, a priest and an under-almoner to Pope Leo XIII. In 1884 the seven marble sarcophagi were excavated from a Roman family tomb in the Via Salaria and were probably privately acquired shortly thereafter, which explains their near-flawless condition. Dating from 140 to 210 A.D., the group belonged to the Calpurnii Pisones, a noble Roman family powerful and perceptive enough to commission their tombs from only the most inspired artists. The sarcophagi are a far cry from the run-of-the-mill commercial examples typical of the period.

Here the high-relief sculpture has a tangible presence, at times approximating figures in the round. Highlights alternating with shifting shadows make for a ceaseless flow and counterflow of

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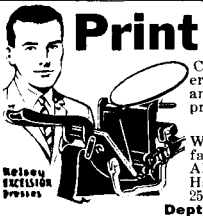
movement that gives no hint of stereotyped classicism. Yet masklike heads decorating corners of lids, though often individualized, still respect the iconography of Bacchic worship, for these sarcophagi all refer to a Dionysiac cult, no doubt an added cause for their exceptional vitality. After all, Bacchus was the god of life and rebirth.

The Calpurnii Pisones, probably members of a mystery cult-community, believed that the dead identified with their tomb carvings and thus were able to share, at least symbolically, in the constant renewal of Bacchus, as evidenced by scenes depicting his birth, death, and rebirth. Part of this cycle is brilliantly evoked in the carvings that decorate the god's triumphant return to Europe after his victories in India. The detail reproduced here, with its elephants and attendants sweeping forward in a joyous procession, suggests why the event became part of a spring fertility ritual in Rome. Every object on the tomb, whether blossoming leaf, animal, or man, takes on mythic overtones. The elephants, which on one level related to life in India, on another, because of their longevity, became Roman symbols of permanence and eternity. Though the carving was undoubtedly a copy of an earlier scene, it is distinguished by an almost modern individualism. Flying curls, idiosyncratic gestures, and differentiated faces recall real people rather than idealized Greek models. This is not a stylized or rigid art, for as it glorifies the pleasures of wine, the powers of reproduction, and the joy of living, it elevates the specific to heady heights and to multiple meanings, while yet in no way scuttling the past.

FOR ME, another eye-opener was a group of nineteenth-century European paintings, largely French and frequently highlighted by illustrious names. It is, of course, not unusual, though always rewarding, to come upon fine canvases by such famous artists as Ingres, Delacroix, Corot, Manet, Monet, and Degas, but what gives this survey an added dimension is the unorthodox intermingling of "in-fashion" and "out-of-fashion" movements. At the Walters Gallery one finds a dramatic opposition of the forces that revolutionized art and society during the last century. Didactic and romantic scenes, reflecting the official taste of the time, were collected by William Walters while his son turned to more iconoclastic works. Each was true to his period. William, still seeing through Victorian eyes, was drawn to moralistic virtues and technical accomplishments; Henry, on the other hand, preferred Impressionism with its painterly frankness and probing observation of nature.

I know of few other museums where this confrontation takes place more conclusively. Hanging in close proximity are such contrasting works as Gérôme's *Duel After the Masquerade*, a canvas exuding literary pathos, and Millet's *Goose Girl*, where rustic simplicity is basic. Done during the 1860s at almost the same time, Gérôme's composition looks back to the symbolism of the past while *Goose Girl* predicts the future and the freedom of *plein-air* painting. The Walters Gallery gets its message across without ubiquitous wall labels. The works themselves, intelligently installed, tell the story. We see Isabey, Michel, Descamps, Fortuny, Stevens, Meissonier in company with acknowledged giants of their time. Again re-evaluations are in order. The so-called lesser men do more than elaborate a period or act as background material for renowned contemporaries; they, too, at times take over center stage.

I have mentioned only three anomalies that challenged me at the Walters Art Gallery. There are infinitely more waiting to be discovered. If the purpose of a museum is to extend vision and stimulate new insights, then this institution can be counted a resounding success. □



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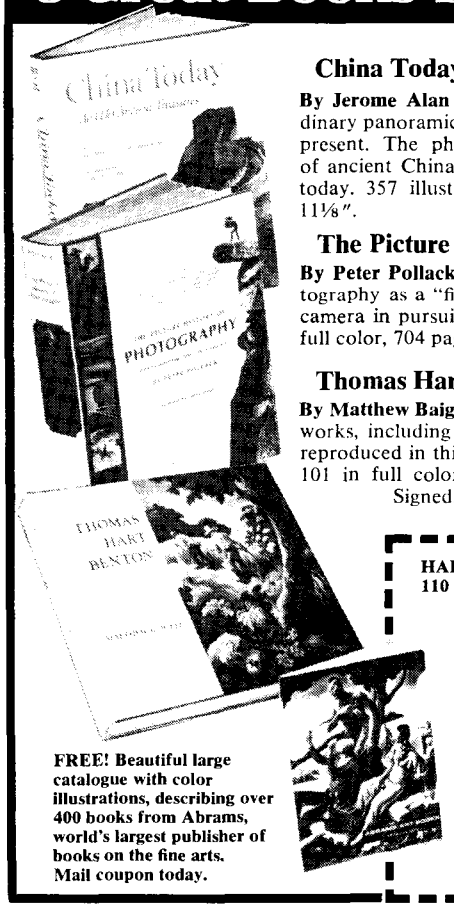

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The Vic[illegible]son "Ring"—Non-Verd[illegible] "Falstaff"

J. Heffernan

Nilsson, Macurdy, and McIntyre in Götterdämmerung—*"The sequence could be more simply called the Nilsson* Ring."

by Irving Kolodin

After a lapse since 1961, the Metropolitan has again marshaled the means (more than 250 visible and invisible personnel) to present Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen* to its New York public and, by radio, to the nation. Only two principals then heard were again in roles that made them famous—Jon Vickers and Birgit Nilsson, sufficient reasons for calling this the Vickers-Nilsson *Ring.*

In light of the broad sweep of effort by Nilsson, which extended from the first act of the tetralogy *(Das Rheingold* is officially a prologue) to its distant end with the Immolation scene of *Götterdämmerung,* the sequence could be more simply, and accurately, called the Nilsson *Ring.* Nothing like it has been heard since the prime days of Kirsten Flagstad, and the electrifying effect on her coworkers (including, but not restricted to, her countryman and conductor, Sixten Ehrling) was of comparable magnitude.

Reference to Miss Nilsson's appearance in the first act of *Die Walküre* may bring some pointed reminders from those mindful that Miss Nilsson's specialty (Brünnhilde) does not begin until act 2. The reference is to the several occasions on which (for the first time in nearly 20 years) Nilsson appeared as Sieglinde, the younger, embattled half-sister (Wotan is father of both) whom Brünnhilde befriends *(SR,* April 5, 1975). Here was the direct link to Flagstad, the last soprano to sing Sieglinde in a cycle in which she also sang the three Brünnhildes.

Statistics, while interesting, are not necessarily meaningful. Those fortunate enough to follow Nilsson through this arduous sequence came to comprehend her as the rare kind of artist who learns from every part she performs something contributory to all the others. When the parts are all within the closed family circle that is the *Ring,* she comes to its summation with a vivid sense of all the interrelated factors that enter into music's greatest saga.

A year ago, after a painful rehearsal accident, Nilsson sang Brünnhilde (in *Götterdämmerung*) with her right arm in a sling, strapped to her side. It could be that, awkward though it was, the experience taught her that dramatic effect does not repose in gestures plus voice, but in voice plus as few gestures as could be called an irreducible minimum. In this year's versions of the Immolation scene, with which *Götterdämmerung* and the *Ring* conclude, Nilsson's effort was peerless for economy and eloquence. For most of the time, her arms straight down against the ruby-red gown and cape, drama and fervor were concentrated in the pealing, superbly modulated sound.

Aside from necessary handling of the props (the ring removed from the finger of the dead Siegfried, the torch with which to ignite the funeral pyre), she moved her hands barely half a dozen times (only once as high as her shoulder, when she pronounced the words *"Ruhe, ruhe, du Gott,"* in a blessing of forgiveness for Wotan, who had brought tragedy to his world).

If this is the last New York will see of Nilsson in these great roles she has served so well (and with no *Ring* scheduled for at least three seasons, when she will have turned 60 and could possibly be of a mind to give up such exertions), it would be comforting to suggest that there are equally hardy, younger people panting to replace her. Panting, perhaps, but not to replace her—rather to achieve a respectable place in the succession. Berit Lindholm, who sang several of the Brünnhildes when Nilsson did not, is intelligent, attractive, hardworking, but lacking in any real vocal justification for undertaking such roles. Rita Hunter, who performed when neither of the others did, has a big sound in a big body. Succinctly, then, Miss Lindholm has the frame but not the sound; Miss Hunter has the sound but not the frame. Nilsson has both, always the mark of distinction between the royal line and the pretenders to the throne.

Of the singers new to New York in key roles of the *Ring,* Donald McIntyre (born in New Zealand, matured in England) has a fine baritone to match a lean figure, a combination that made him outstanding as Wotan in *Die Walküre* and as the Wanderer in *Siegfried.* He broke new ground for most opera-goers (of whatever vintage) in making Gunther in *Götterdämmerung* not merely a weak-willed

(Continued on page 34.)

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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Britten: Diversions on a Theme (op. 21). Laderman: Concerto for Orchestra (Desto). An early (1940), seldom-heard, not previously recorded work, "Diversions" was written on behalf of the same Paul Wittgenstein (who lost his right arm in World War I) for whom Ravel wrote his famous Concerto in D for the Left Hand. It is not merely an ingenious solution of a specific problem, but as Leon Fleisher demonstrates with his phenomenally forceful left hand, a strongly articulated, admirably inventive transformation of a basic theme into a pyramiding sequence of 11 variations. Sergiu Comissiona conducts the Baltimore Symphony in both the Britten and the Laderman. The latter is a close-knit, tightly scored exploration of orchestral possibilities. It is largely a matter between composer, conductor, and orchestra in which, for the most part, the listener is an intruder rather than an invited guest. Recording and processing are both good. DC 7168L.

Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (RCA). James Levine's first symphony recording has the strength and deficiencies of his operatic conducting: a keen sense of the letter of the score and a stimulating effect on his colleagues is on the plus side; an undisciplined output of energy that drives the music into the realm of the strenuous, especially where percussion is concerned, deserves demerits. He is well aware that tempo fluctuation is an important element in Mahler's style, but he tends to exaggerate the transitions. On the whole, an excess of pressure in a work that is ambivalent but not schizophrenic. The London Symphony does well what he asks of it. ARL 1-0894.

Schoenberg: Pelleas und Melisande (DG). This is the third or fourth recording of Schoenberg's early (1903) effort to build a tone poem around Maeterlinck's play (Debussy's operatic treatment was yet to be produced). It is, however, the first in which a conductor of Herbert von Karajan's quality has applied himself to the task, with the expectable outcome: the strengths of the work are aggrandized, its weaknesses skillfully disguised. Nevertheless, it is by the consistent vacillation between Wagner's *Tristan* idiom and Scriabin's alteration of it that Schoenberg's Pelleas is imprisoned in time: a victim of an impulse for which the composer had not yet evolved an adequate vocabulary. The performance by the Berlin Philharmonic says all there is to say on the subject, permanently. 2530 485.

Opera

Rossini: The Siege of Corinth (Angel). As first encounters go, this one is mammoth both in content and complications: a serious opera of Rossini's most eloquent quality, which only recently had its first American production with much the same group of principals, also conducted by Thomas Schippers. If its beauties are unceasing, so are the vocal challenges, in wide range and florid writing, posed to Pamira (sung by Beverly Sills, as the daughter of the governor of Corinth), Neocle (hero of Corinth, portrayed by Shirley Verrett, in the nineteenth-century convention of a mezzo-soprano enacting a male role), and Maometto (enacted by Justino Diaz, as the sultan of Turkey in love with Pamira). For the first two acts the story is of difficulties bravely challenged rather than obstacles safely surmounted. The third act (which is less persistently laced with high-flying embellishments and bravura) is much closer to the Rossinian mark. Highest marks go to Verrett for color and intensity; less-good grades for Sills, whose voice is now beset by constant quaver and thinness of quality in a part that requires more dramatic power and all-out impact than she possesses; a "pass" for Diaz; a mere attendance mark for Harry Theyard in the role of Cleomene, Pamira's father. His light voice is in the proper range, but with no part of the brassy brilliance the music demands. SCLX 3819.

Miscellaneous

Itzhak Perlman—André Previn: The Easy Winners (Angel). Perlman's heart is in the right place for this self-conducted tour of Scott Joplin (he made the arrangements himself), but the fingers are much too strongly conditioned to the needs of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky to exchange their elegant ease for the rougher needs of Joplin. "Solace" ("A Mexican Serenade") goes its dreamy way very well, but it is atypical. S-37113.

Sonny Rollins: The Bridge (RCA). The great tenor saxist is among the best-known jazz instrumentalists of his time, but "The Bridge" may be a first encounter for many who haven't been able to get it since it was deleted from the catalog in 1968. In addition to pointed and sharply embellished versions of such standards as "Without a Song" and "God Bless the Child," Rollins and Co. (Bob Cranshaw, bass; Jim Hall, guitar; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums) drive their subtle way through two items of his own: "John S.," a moody delight, and "The Bridge." A welcome return. APL 1-0859. I.K.

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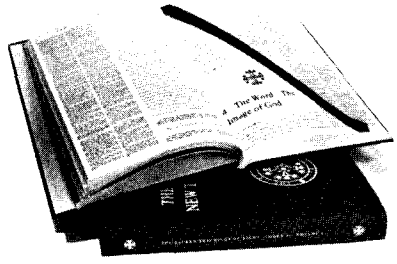

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SR

(Music: *continued from page 32.)*

half-brother to the villainous Hagen but a man of fine presence and honorable character, who not only lived, but also died, to repent his misdeeds. Of equally imposing stature was the first Hagen of John Macurdy (a native artist grown great from beginnings at the City Center on Fifty-fifth Street). His conception was suitably sinister, and beautifully *sung*, rather than barked or brayed in the Bayreuth manner. He could be a Wotan, and a good one. Only one audience heard McIntyre and Macurdy share the stage with Nilsson in a performance of the bristling scene in act 2 in which Siegfried's death is plotted, and this was at a dress rehearsal. As there were some 3,000 others present, it is no breach of confidentiality to report that this was one of the greatest, because equally balanced, performances of this music in decades.

In other respects, this was a *Ring* unfortunately not of rounded, closely matched segments, but of strong and weak links. Among others of high quality was Ragnar Ulfung, a virtuoso Mime who sings every note and articulates every word; Marius Rintzler, as fine an Alberich as one could ask; Betsy Norden, who deserves high marks for a fluent Forest Bird; and Anna Reynolds, who shared honors with Mignon Dunn (one of the survivors of the 1961 *Ring*, in which she sang sub-leading roles) as Waltraute. If you applaud the choice of Lili Chookasian for Erda, and for the first Norn in *Götterdämmerung*, you must also denounce the presumption that Nell Rankin, a former mezzo and now qualified to impersonate dowagers, could possibly be an acceptable Gutrune. Why not good-looking, well-sounding Janis Martin, who was engaged to sing the Sieglindes that Nilsson did not?

AMONG THE OTHER INTERESTS of the cycle was the first opportunity to appraise, as an entity, the production scheme of Herbert von Karajan, initiated in 1968. It rates now as: a fine *Rheingold*, a spotty *Walküre*, a badly fragmented *Siegfried*, a more than less conventional *Götterdämmerung*. Top effect: the imagery of fire surrounding Brünnhilde's rock, which licked away avidly every time it was called upon. But why, oh why, one dimly lit scene after another? Do the Gibichungs meet at midnight to receive their lord, Gunther, and his bride, Brünnhilde?

Sixten Ehrling's conducting of this mammoth musical marathon improved in pace and judgment as it proceeded, and as he had the opportunity to adjust his intentions to the surroundings. Least good was his lethargic treatment of the first act of *Die Walküre*, which he does not yet comprehend; the best prolonged sequence was act 3 of *Götterdämmerung*, which had stature and spaciousness. If he could tone down his treatment of brass and percussion, all (including the Met's excellent, sometimes barely audible, string choir) would be grateful. In the aggregate, those audiences which heard Nilsson and Vickers (as Siegmund) together, didn't need to be told, verbally, what a Golden Age of Opera means: it was there, in being—singers who can act, actors who can sing.

BY THE MEASURE of the *Ring*, Verdi's *Falstaff* is an altogether simpler problem, but in some ways no less demanding. Those ways may be summarized in some words of wisdom pronounced a few years ago by Erich Leinsdorf, vis-à-vis a different, but similar, problem in repertory opera: "It is possible to reheat pot roast; a soufflé you must start from the beginning." The reheated *Falstaff* began with a conductor, James Levine, who confuses foam with froth, velocity with lightness, and took in such other debits as Cornell McNeil's ponderous Falstaff, Thomas Stewart's dry-voiced Ford, and an undersized Mistress Ford by Evelyn Lear. If the best the present Met can offer for Fenton (a role honored by such tenors as Luigi Alva, Giuseppe di Stefano, and Beniamino Gigli) is Douglas Ahlstedt, it should give up soufflé and restrict itself to pot roast. Perhaps the best decision would be to let Fedora Barbieri, who sang a savorous Dame Quickly, as she has been doing for years, tell everybody else, beginning with Levine, what to do. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 45

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 59.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ lift;
doors open as he nears
The rough ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
that hug the mountain slope.
The doctor brings, for fevers or for fears,
Within his ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
medicine and hope. A. S.

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

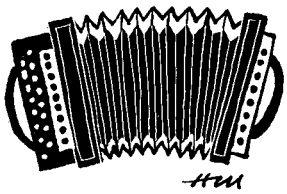
Puzzles and Pop

So fixed and familiar is the film style of Michelangelo Antonioni that it is now possible for a writer to structure a script that embodies the mood of mystery and estrangement characteristic of the director's work. At least, Mark Peploe has done so. Antonioni decided, after some hesitation, to direct Peploe's film story *The Passenger* because "there was something in this story which reminded me of I-don't-know-what." It apparently reminded him of his own films, for *The Passenger* is much like a cross between *L'Avventura* and *Blow-Up*. A film journalist (Jack Nicholson) takes on the identity of a dead arms salesman; the journalist's estranged wife, attempting to learn the cause of what she assumes to be his death, searches for the arms salesman. The journalist, meanwhile, searches for contacts to establish his new identity—and so it goes, mystery upon mystery, all ending in a kind of somnolent despair.

Antonioni's genre, then, if I may be permitted to sum it crassly, is philosophical suspense. Certainly, in *The Passenger*, the elements of a suspense tale are present. The salesman has left behind an engagement diary, and Nicholson—filled with a sense of futility in accomplishing his journalistic mission in a small, arid African country—decides to keep the dead man's dates, although he has no idea with whom the meetings are to be or what they entail. He becomes the passenger, then, on a life that is both unfinished and finished. While he trails that life, others (including his wife) are on his trail. He meets a footloose girl, who becomes a passenger on *his* life. The convolutions are not easy to follow, since Antonioni is concerned more with the abstract than with the concrete. The suspense inevitably bogs down, and the question then becomes, Is there enough left to justify our involvement with the film?

One thing that is certain is Antonioni's visual artistry. His use of color, his studied framing, his characteristic slow camera movement, provide esthetic satisfactions on their own. A solitary figure set against desolate space gives feelings of dread—not of danger necessarily, but of time and its ultimate boredom. A modern museum in Barcelona seems drenched with the spirit of death. A holiday resort in Almería is more like an elegant, empty prison than a place of relaxation. The settings are not meant to carry the tale; instead, they justify Antonioni's gloomy view of modern man imprisoned in a society he neither wants nor understands. To answer the question put above: yes, the film has a peculiar fascination. And, even on the puzzle level, there are some answers—if one is intent on putting the pieces together.

On the other hand, the names mentioned in the diary never (quite purposely) materialize as living personages. Who are Daisy, Lucy, Melinda? They will be met, supposedly, at places in



Spain, such as the Plaza de la Iglesia and the Hotel de la Gloria. Or are they code names? There are insurgents from the African country glimpsed occasionally, and others representing the repressive government, also glimpsed occasionally. And, at the end, the journalist has taken on the man's life and his fate.

Nicholson's performance suits the film's style; so does Maria Schneider's, as the girl he enlists in his attempt to escape pursuit. The action, such as it is, moves from Africa, to England, to Spain, and if it isn't exactly engrossing, it is always somehow eminently satisfying to watch. But Antonioni is expressing little in *The Passenger* that he has not already expressed time and again. If *The Passenger* had come along 15, perhaps 10, years ago, we might have regarded it as a cinematic milestone. Not so today.

WHAT *are* we to do with Ken Russell? What are we to do with a director who makes a statement like the following? "*Tommy* is greater than any painting, opera, piece of music, ballet, or dramatic work that this century has produced." In the mind of Russell, Pete Townshend of the rock group known as The Who is a genius, and not your mere run-of-the-mill genius, but the preeminent artistic genius of this 75-year-old century. And who could possibly be suited to make a film rendering of the rock opera by so towering a genius? Only Russell, now known as the insufferable.

In case you haven't been overwhelmingly exposed to *Tommy* in its rock-opera form, it tells of a deaf, dumb, and blind boy who, in the search for a miracle cure, discovers that he has a fantastic way with pinball machines. No sooner does this get about than he is hailed as a messiah. Thousands, millions, worship him. The multitudes are provided with their own pinball machines and fitted with ear plugs, dark glasses, and mouth corks so they can share in Tommy's sufferings. Eventually, the followers turn on him, but not to worry. Tommy becomes God. And presumably all is well.

Russell has taken this genius material, and the music that accompanies it, and plastered it on the screen and the quintaphonic sound track in all its sumptuous glory. The svelte Ann-Margret plays and sings Tommy's anguished mother; Oliver Reed is his glowering stepfather. Roger Daltrey of The Who mimes Tommy. Jack Nicholson has a brief (and welcome) appearance as a sleazy doctor. Elton John is the champion pinball wizard, until Tommy takes his crown. Tina Turner makes a literally electrifying show-stopper as the "acid queen" who provides Tommy with an overdose of LSD. What it all is, as far as I can make out, is a retarded adolescent's dream of a towering work of genius.

This unique film work is entirely sung—not a line of dialogue—to the accompaniment of some of the most astounding images ever to come from a director's fevered imagination. *Hallucinations*, though, might be the more fitting word. No one reviewer could do it justice; it would require several delirious critics to adequately describe what transpires on the screen. A few striking sequences do manage to emerge. One takes place in a huge church in which a congregation of the sorely afflicted worships the memory of the late Marilyn Monroe: Twelve-foot paintings of the actress, "Marilyn" candles, and, instead of an altar, a 10-foot-high plaster centerpiece of Marilyn in her "skirt-blowing" pose from *The Seven Year Itch*. Add to this the "Marilyn" masks the worshippers wear, and you have a scene that is bound to be one of the curious artifacts of this century.

But I have given you the best. I lack the spirit to describe the remainder. □

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SR Education

State of Siege at "135 Van Ness"

San Francisco schools face dizzying challenges: low test scores, irate parents—even the problem of earthquake-proofing the school buildings.

by Roger M. Williams

San Francisco

Although it is hardly news nowadays to find an urban school system in deep trouble, San Francisco's may well be setting records in two unenviable categories—widest variety of difficulties and most public animosity. Consider this array of problems: the imminent loss of its third superintendent in six years; the imminent shutdown of one-sixth of its schools because they are not earthquake-proof; expenditures for 1975–76 that could run 10 percent beyond projected revenues; a bilingual instruction program that must provide for increasing numbers of Samoans and Japanese; an unprecedented array of lawsuits brought against it by students and former students; and, perhaps most trying of all, student achievement-test scores that rank consistently low—despite the expenditure of more money per pupil ($1,585 this year) than in any other large city in California.

Public anger at the San Francisco Unified School District appears to be boundless. Hundreds of parents and teachers attend each school-board meeting to berate the board members and the superintendent. Countless others take to the letters-to-the-editor columns, where their complaints complement news stories and editorials blaring the latest alleged bumbling in the management of the schools. Bearing the brunt of this assault is the central administration, known locally as "135 Van Ness" after the location of the gloomy building that houses it. Criticism of "135" reached a crescendo this past winter when the board voted to terminate athletic programs in order to reduce budget deficits. To critics, that move confirmed a comment which state Superintendent Wilson Riles let slip last year: that the San Francisco schools are "embarrassing."

All this would be bad enough in any city. In San Francisco it is galling. San Franciscans bask in the glow of a civic reputation for sophistication and culture. Their public schools seem to run directly counter to that reputation, and for that reason (as well as more prosaic ones like concern for their children's education) San Franciscans are indignant. They are frustrated by their inability to set the school problem straight—as they set straight, some years ago, the urban freeway problem by simply mandating an end to freeways through the city. In this case, however, the City that Knows How doesn't. It is caught in a web of problems that have also nearly paralyzed the school districts of less celebrated cities.

Among the shared problems is this armful: declining enrollment, soaring inflation, mounting budget deficits that require emergency cost-cutting, bilingual education, political intrusions, and desegregation efforts that aggravate tensions and—perhaps—frustrate attempts to raise the achievement-test scores. Add to these a state law—the so-called taxpayers' relief act—that limits the rate at which California districts can tax their constituents.

Shared or not, San Francisco's financial difficulties are by any measure acute. Enrollment has been declining by 3,000 to 4,000 students a year over the past several years and is now down to 70,000—for a city of almost 700,000.* Private schools siphon off a good many of the departing students. White flight accounts for the rest. It is estimated that a loss of 4,000 students costs the district roughly $6 million in state aid; that is a big chunk of a budget which this year totals $131 million.

Long a free-spending district, San Francisco presumably would raise taxes. But the taxpayers' relief act prohibits it from doing so without a referendum authorizing a tax override. California voters lately have been knocking down proposed overrides, and San Franciscans, given the chance, would doubtless do the same. "People are having enough trouble paying their taxes and electric bills, let alone new school taxes," says Board of Education member Lee S. Dolson.

BILINGUAL EDUCATION is often cited as one of San Francisco's unique problems; in fact, only the number of languages involved—21, by the superintendent's count—is novel. District officials estimate that 16 percent of the students speak either limited English or no English at all, but statistics of the Council of Great City Schools show that several other cities have at least as high a percentage. San Francisco's desegregation process attracted national attention a few years ago. There were indeed some dramatic events: little Oriental ladies, hurling man-sized Oriental epithets, charging the dais at school-board meetings; then-Superintendent Thomas Shaheen fleeing irate parents at a public meeting in Chinatown. Yet desegregation—softened by the board's permissiveness in granting students transfers—has proceeded without boycotts of major violence.

Until 1972 the seven-member board was appointed by the mayor, who maintained a careful balance between Wasps, Jews, Catholics, and women; blacks got

* Because of the disproportionate presence of young singles and the elderly, San Francisco's school-age population has for decades been small.

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an occasional seat, but the Orientals were generally shut out. Now the board is elected, but not expanded, and making sure all of the increasingly feisty ethnic groups are represented on it is clearly impossible. The ethnic groups, the teachers, the newspapers, and good government and bad government types sound off more or less continuously; even the local American Nazi Party has showed up at some board meetings, with fistfights resulting. The rollicking pace has now claimed its third superintendent-victim, 54-year-old Steven P. Morena, who has resigned effective June 30. He is the third successive superintendent to leave without fulfilling his four-year commitment.

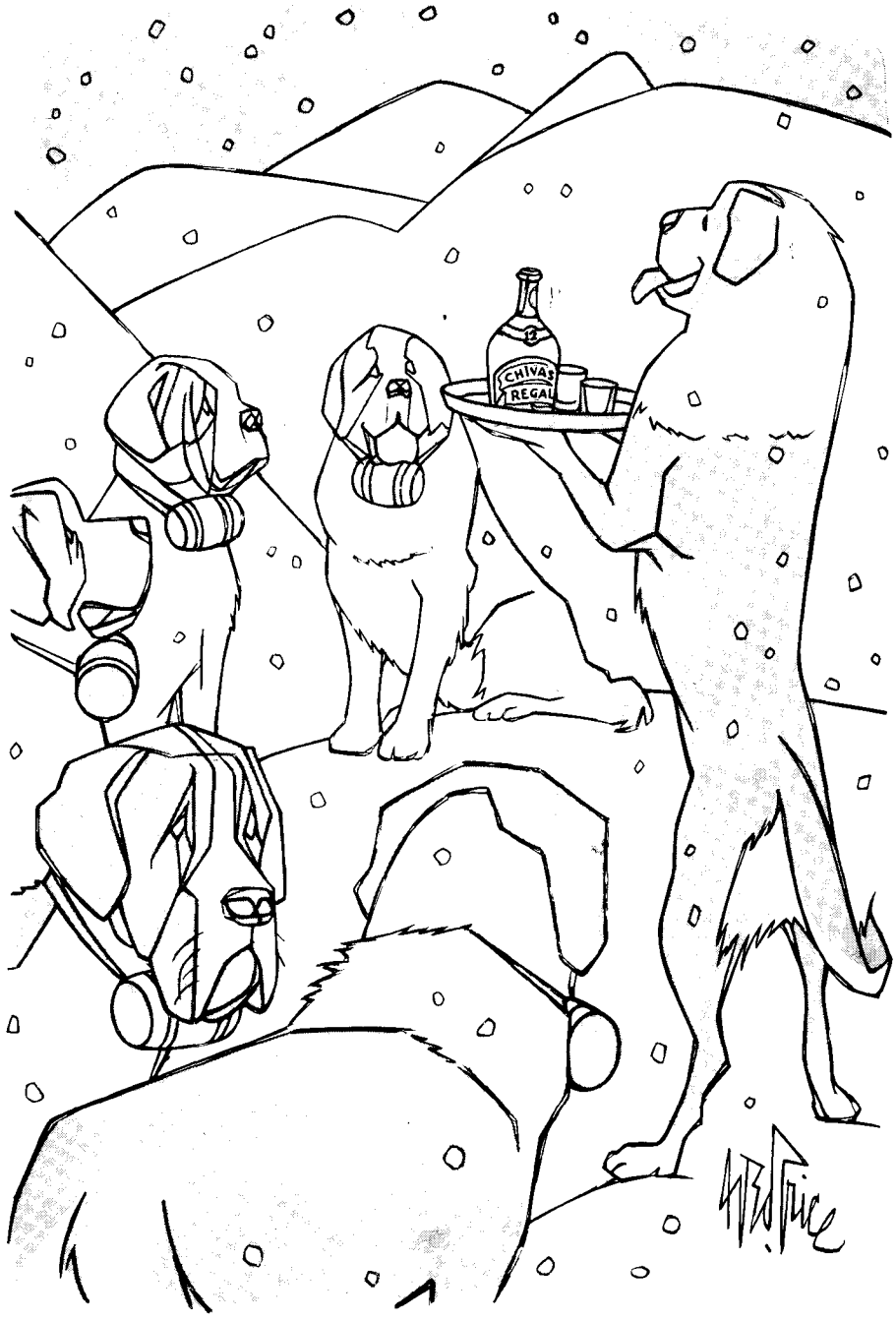
Morena is a garrulous, competent fellow whose efforts have been undercut by chronic squabbling with the board, years of administrative neglect and featherbedding, and harsh economic facts. Morena has been forced to dismantle a costly superstructure of programs and personnel built during the flush Sixties. At the same time, he has had to heap money on unglamorous but critical problems that his predecessors virtually ignored.

California's Field Act requires that all public schools be made as quake-proof as possible. The act was passed in 1934, but the San Francisco school district, after a brief flurry of rebuilding activity in the Thirties, took no further steps to comply until March 1973—when the deadline was a little over two years away. Almost half of the district's 135 schools needed quake-proofing, and almost two dozen still need it now. Unless the legislature grants a reprieve, nearly all of the two dozen will have to be closed temporarily at the end of this school year—a needless aggravation for a community already amply aggravated by school problems.

READING HAS consistently been the worst, or at least the most noticeably bad, of San Francisco's students' achievement-test scores. Until this year, the city had long ranked at the bottom of major California districts in reading. Now Oakland is slightly lower, thus restoring—after the galling successes of the Raiders, As, and Oakland port—a bit of San Francisco's traditional cross-Bay superiority.

Last year a San Francisco high-school graduate sued the district for damages on the grounds that, contrary to their statutory duty, the schools had not taught him to read. He lost at the trial-court level but is appealing the decision.

Under Morena the district has made



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some headway in reading. Since the fall of 1973, roughly $2 million a year has been put into a reading project that encompasses a director of reading, a staff of specialists, and a policy that lets teachers select the specific program they will use with their classes—as long as they're willing to be trained to administer it. This year, for the first time in quite a while, there was a slight improvement in the district's reading scores.

ANOTHER LEGACY from previous administrations is a central office that has doubled in size over the past decade and has achieved a reputation for being lazy as well as fat. Because the district operates directly under the city charter, its administrators have been covered by tenure—a rare situation in a public-school system. Tenure was discontinued for new personnel in 1971, but more than half of the administrators remain under it, and the four-year contracts now in use have almost the same effect. The tenure problem is coupled with the presence in "the field" (the schools themselves) of inordinate numbers of lesser administrative functionaries.

Through attrition Morena has already trimmed the administrative staff from 342 to its present total of 313 (compared with about 4,450 teachers). Applying the same method at 135 Van Ness alone, he expects to recapture 20 more jobs by sending that many central-office administrators back into the field, where they will replace principals who are retiring or resigning. Because of internal politics as well as the tenure-contract situation, cost-cutting involving personnel is difficult and perhaps impossible. Morena and the board declared recently that no teaching jobs would be eliminated next year. When next year arrives, however, budget deficits may dictate such a step. That will touch off a "bumping" process, with seniors replacing juniors until the bumps dislodge new teachers, many of them members of minorities underrepresented in the teaching corps. And another large log will fall on the district's fires of controversy.

If that happens, district officials had better look to the lessons offered by their mishandling of the cut in athletic programs. As numerous districts have discovered, sports is the most sacred of cows in the public schools, and any official who tries to hang up the jocks in the name of economy had better have another job readily available. The San Francisco board, at Morena's request,

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swung the ax at athletics with no effective public warning or discussion. Several other activities—field trips, forensics, dramatics—were also lopped off, along with purchases of library books, instructional materials, and supplies, but neither press nor public seemed to notice them. What they noticed was the elimination of overtime pay for coaches handling interscholastic and intramural sports, a saving of $200,000 for the balance of the school year.

Invoking the flag and fears of juvenile delinquency, San Franciscans raised the biggest fuss seen in the city since topless-dancer Carol Doda first took off her blouse at Broadway and Columbus. Politicians almost knocked each other over getting to their white horses; Mayor Joseph Alioto found $25,000 in a special fund to "save" the school basketball season; Supervisor Quentin Kopp, a likely candidate to succeed Alioto, formed a Save Our School Sports committee, which has been "persuading" local promoters and business firms to contribute to the cause; state Sen. Milton Marks, who is definitely a candidate, introduced legislation requiring athletic programs in the schools. The extra-curricular fund-raising has been so successful that someone may declare it the sensible way to finance school athletics.

INTO THIS GENERAL CHAOS some order may be coming. State Superintendent Riles has established a commission of 25 distinguished San Franciscans to investigate the financing and overall management of the district. Management consultant firms have tackled these subjects in the past with little impact on the entrenched forces at 135 Van Ness. Riles's office promises that this effort will be different. "The people appointed to the commission realize that the public schools are the city's number-one civic concern," says an official in the state Department of Education, "and they have enough horsepower to put through whatever changes they think are necessary. There won't be a final report that can be stuck on somebody's shelf. Instead, there'll be specific recommendations. We hope the recommendations can be implemented on the basis of a partnership with the school district, but they *will* be implemented."

The commission will present its findings in mid-1976. Before then San Franciscans, emulating the *citoyens* at the Bastille, may storm 135 Van Ness and dismantle it, stone by stone. □

We'd like to raise his allowance... to 75¢ worth of food a day.

What's happening to this boy—and thousands like him in the rural South today—is hard to believe. As a white Southern doctor reported to a U.S. Senate committee: "*Malnutrition* isn't quite what we found. The boys and girls were hungry, weak, in pain, sick—suffering from hunger and disease and, directly or indirectly, they are dying from them—which is exactly what *starvation* means."

Doesn't the government take care of that? Not quite. There's the hot lunch program in the schools . . . but in Alabama some kids only *get* to school on days when it rains too hard to work the fields. And there's the Food Stamp Program . . . but a lot of people living on fatback, field peas and biscuits never heard of it, and some that *have* just can't squeeze the cash to buy stamps out of a Mississippi welfare check that gives a widow $60 a *month* to house, clothe *and* feed four hungry children.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund was started. Through it, $10 in hard cash can be converted into as much as $170 worth of Food Stamps by a volunteer NAACP worker who goes down the back roads and dirt tracks of the 'secret South' to find and feed the starving kids that America never sees.

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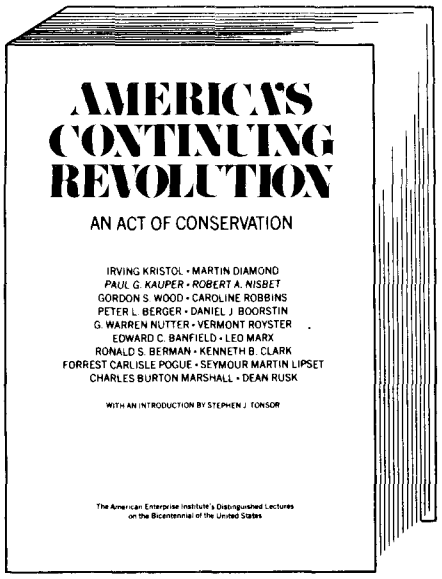
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The All-New "Law and Order" Classroom

by Fred M. Hechinger

A visit last year to the Hoover Elementary School in Palo Alto, Calif., allowed a pleasant sense of rediscovering what is best in traditional American education. This happy and civil place, the so-called alternative school—a choice for those parents who had doubts about some features of modern education—stressed structured learning and the basic skills, omitting the harsh regimentation that has often been the mark of the conservative pedagogy.

"Hoover is interesting and attractive," I wrote in these pages last November ("An Academic Counter-Revolution," *SR/World*, November 16), "because it seems to say that it is possible to be traditional without being doctrinaire. . . . If Hoover does suggest another swing of the pendulum, its own swing is gentle rather than wild—good news in the American education annals, which have recorded too many self-righteous extremes."

Last year's optimism may prove to be this year's disappointed hope. My earlier report, in fact, had not been made without some forebodings that "given the mood of the time, the danger is increasing that such a counter-revolution will once again be taken over by reactionary forces who, in the past, have so often turned schools into oppressive, unimaginative places that kill the joy and the excitement of learning."

In recent months the handwriting on the schoolhouse walls has turned ominous. *The Washington Post*, for instance, reported a proposal by the Prince George's County school superintendent to establish three "traditional" elementary schools as alternatives which, in addition to stressing the Three Rs, would enforce strict dress and discipline codes, outlaw the New Math, and prohibit boys from sporting hair that falls below the collar (considerably shorter, it might be noted, than the Founding Fathers used to wear it).

Where the emphasis at Hoover was on equal proportions of order and friendly community spirit, increasing numbers of traditional alternatives seem to borrow heavily from what in conservative politics has come to be known as "law and order."

"Passages of classes or groups of students through the halls will be in single file, under adult supervision . . . ," says the Prince George's County prospectus. Punitive discipline looms large. (The authorities at Hoover took special pride in the virtual absence of discipline problems, not in the prescription of stern deterrent measures. In fact, the idea, since borne out in practice, was that an atmosphere of orderly and friendly calm, together with high levels of achievement and low levels of frustration, would work better than threats.)

In a manner reminiscent of the Calvinist view of children in colonial days, a pompous quality resounds in the increasingly typical description of traditional "instruction goals," such as the call for "systematic, factual, and disciplined subject matter [and] development of mind and character and of the values of truth, justice, and virtue. . . ." The echoes are distinctly those of the earlier counter-revolutionaries who replied to John Dewey's admittedly sometimes over-enthusiastic disciples: "We must teach subjects, not children." In the end, predictably, the children either tuned out or rebelled, leaving the conservative ideologues holding their bag of subjects.

THE LEADERS of the conservative counter-movement are likely to shrug off as ideologically suspect any liberal objections to the trend. But in recent weeks misgivings have been registered by even so traditional a voice as the Council for Basic Education, the organization that has long stood on the barricades against progressive schooling and has led the movement for greater attention to the basic skills.

Reporting approvingly on the new wave of traditional alternatives, the council's January 1975 bulletin nevertheless added: "... We should enter some words of caution. The oldest of these schools are only in their second year, and their results are yet to be seen. Some of their programs contain some simplistic battle cries of doubtful merit,

Fred M. Hechinger is on the editorial board of The New York Times *and co-author of the forthcoming book* Growing Up in America (*McGraw-Hill*).

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such as 'bring back the paddle,' 'teach truth, justice, and patriotism,' and 'what we need is a dress code.' " (No T-shirts for boys, if Prince George's conservatives have their way, and skirts "of moderate length" for the girls.)

Reacting from inside the teachers' movement, James A. Harris, the president of the National Education Association, conceded that "only the most dogmatic liberalism would disparage the concerns of those who feel that the educational needs of their young children will be better served by a more firmly compartmentalized curriculum, greater emphasis on the fundamentals of learning, and a less permissive classroom atmosphere. . . ."

But Harris warns: "Unfortunately, many of those who advocate a traditional education are also advocating the kind of education that equates . . . good citizenship with blind super-patriotism, and education itself with indoctrination to a rigid and racist system of thought that seeks to insulate the student from any new, perhaps unsettling, idea. . . ."

Not all those who are providing a traditional alternative, it must be stressed, are moving toward such extremes. Some of Prince George's school-board members, who had earlier voted for the creation of the alternative schools, had second thoughts after they had seen the actual blueprint. And Jerome P. Oberman—superintendent of schools in Long Beach, N. Y., who is offering parents three choices: one, fairly traditional; a second, moderately middle-ground; and the third, freewheelingly modern with open classrooms—insists: "No, we're not repealing the twentieth century, but we are putting more stress on skills everywhere. . . . No apologies for it, either."

The Long Beach example may suggest continued hope that the public and the school Establishment have grown more sophisticated, more willing to accept pluralism in pedagogical theory. Perhaps, like women's fashions, which increasingly reject the designer's seesawing dictation from mini to maxi, educational fashion will henceforth be more tolerant of traditional and progressive coexistence. In the end, the question whether conservative alternatives are the vanguard of a reactionary takeover will probably have to be answered by the American people's political rather than educational choices. □

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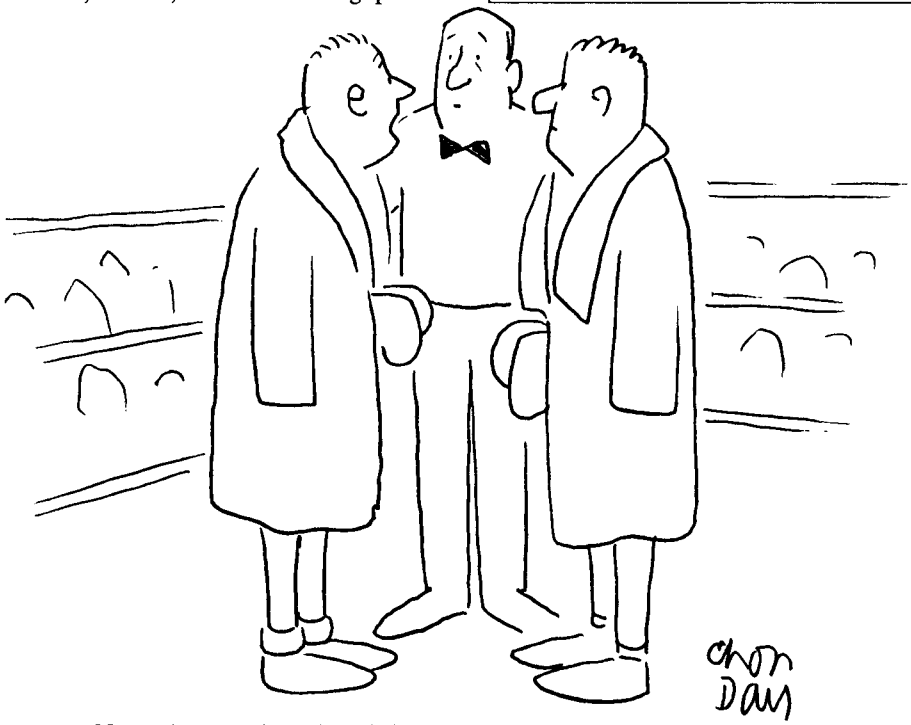

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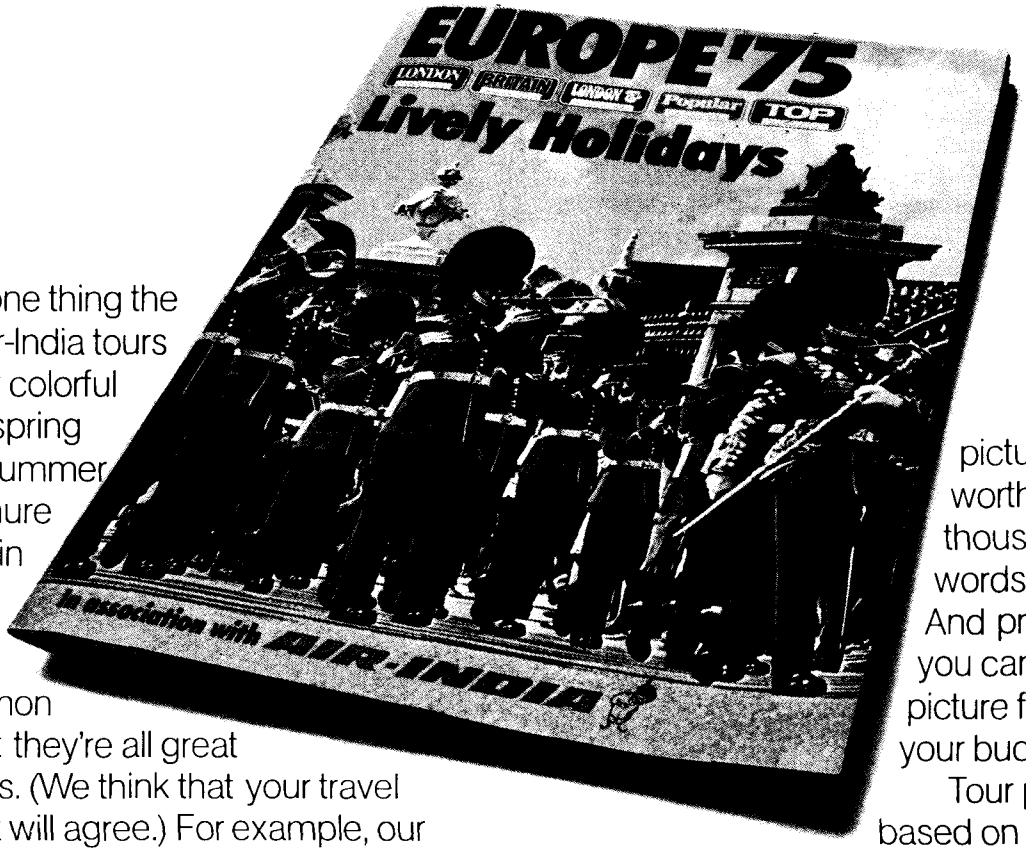

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LEISURE '75
Ideas for an Indecisive Summer

Whatever the fragility of the times, any sensitive psyche, as much battered by political cataclysms as by that double-barreled bugaboo Recession-Inflation, needs a quiet interlude. Hammock time. Time to dip a toe in a cool running brook. Time to build a kite or go fly one. Time to nibble a *baguette* in the *Bois* or collect a thunder egg on the banks of the Missouri. Here, *SR* has assembled a clutch of ideas, any of which, in the weeks ahead, could help cool the fevered brow. H.S.

Wheels

by Sue Browder

At least 3,000 bikes will be pedaled cross-country this summer. Grown men are buying motorcycles, not horses, and motor homes are this year's way to go.

Culver

Bicyclist Tom Stevens—Flooding rivers, lean coyotes, and a gang of ruffians.

Do Americans think they have reinvented the wheel? It would appear that way. The uncertain summer has sparked a new interest in rolling from one place to another without having to pawn the family treasure chest. The least expensive form of locomotion, hiking aside, may be the old-fashioned bicycle, now undergoing a renaissance not seen since Tiffany glass returned to vogue. Motorcycles have become, for some, a new form of leisure, and, in times of increased travel costs, the recreational vehicle, breezily known as the RV, has become a form of migratory lodgment, movable hotel, and second home. It is clear that not all the high-rollers seek their leisure or pleasure in Las Vegas.

With the economy so precarious this season, many planned flights to Paris or London may be reluctantly postponed. Yet even on pinched budgets, most Americans plan to satisfy their summer wanderlust. Though some travelers will drive to traditional resorts, an increasing number will escape routine more unconventionally—by bicycle, motorcycle, or RV.

I. Bicycles

Bicycle travel has changed much since 1884, when Tom Stevens mounted an awkward 75-pound high-wheeler in Oakland, Calif., and with few roads or maps, pedaled to Boston in 103 days. On

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his pioneer journey Tom encountered romantic perils. He forded flooding rivers by placing his cumbersome bike on his shoulders. Lean coyotes stalked him across plains. A gang of ruffians forced him at gunpoint to pedal around saloon pool tables while they shot bullets at the spinning iron wheels of his bike. Because of the high-wheeler's unstable design, Tom's talent for headers (falling off head first while coasting) was much credited for his survival. Few cyclists dared to follow Tom's trail.

THIS SUMMER more than 100 million Americans will don light, cool shirts, pants, cotton socks, tennis shoes, short-brimmed hats, and sunglasses. They'll pack their tire pumps, spare parts, first-aid kits, ammonia-and-water solution (to repel angry dogs), and gorp (good-old-raisins-and-peanuts) for quick energy. Then they'll hop onto their sleek 3-, 5-, or 10-speeds and abandon daily routine to explore America's city streets and back roads.

These two-wheel travelers aren't children. Although as late as 1969 adult bikers accounted for only 12 percent of all sales, last year adults bought 74 percent of the 14.1 million bikes that were sold. In recent years bikes have actually outsold automobiles for the first time since the 1890s. Prominent pedal pushers include Jacqueline Onassis, William F. Buckley, Jacques d'Amboise, and New York City philanthropist Stewart Mott, who can be seen riding his bike to black-tie affairs. So avid a cyclist is California Sen. James R. Mills that last April he spent his entire two-day term as acting governor clad in a gray sweatshirt and purple pants, on a bicycle-train trip from Sacramento to San Diego.

Nor are all the new bike devotees just pedaling around the block. An estimated 3,000 to 5,000 enthusiasts will ride cross-country this summer, and millions of other bikers will take shorter jaunts. The resurgent interest in bicycling is so strong that a group of enthusiasts has worked full-time, unsalaried, for over a year to plot the first transcontinental bike route, which will open in 1976 as part of the Bicentennial celebration. Starting May 16 next year, cross-country guided tours along this 3,700-mile trail will leave daily from Astoria, Oreg., and Williamsburg, Va. (Write "Information 76," Bikecentennial, Dept. C. T., P.O. Box 1034, Missoula, Mont. 59801.)

Some cyclists, of course, pedal just for exercise. Fitness advocates say that biking improves circulation; strengthens back muscles; expands lungs; shapes thigh, calf, and stomach muscles; and may add five years to one's life. An easy biking speed of five miles per hour burns five calories a minute, enough calories per hour to offset the fattening effects of a dry martini. Cycling worshipers like the machine's economy, too. For as little as five dollars a day, one can travel and camp. To reach faraway places, cyclists bolt bike carriers to their automobile bumpers or store their bikes as baggage on buses,

Culver

trains, and planes. Bus and plane regulations often require that a bike be packed in a box, usually necessitating removal of the seat, handlebars, pedals, and front wheel; undaunted, zealous cyclists obtain crates from bike shops, dismantle their bikes, and continue traveling.

So profitable has the biking renaissance become that travel companies now offer package deals. Bike Dream Tours of Houston conducts prepaid tours through the United States, Canada, and Europe. And last year American Airlines' Two-Wheeler Trip flew cyclists to Boston for six days of sightseeing by rented bike.

Bike-rental shops proliferate in most cities and near tourist centers like Yellowstone, Yosemite, and Zion national parks. Rates usually run $1.50 to $1.75 per hour or $6 a day. Bike thievery has caused metropolitan shops to be cautious, however. To rent even an old, battered bicycle in New York City, one must present identification or leave a cash deposit as high as $40.

Despite the new bike shops and numerous city bikeways that have been set aside, many cyclists avoid city streets rather than risk the anger of the few irate motorists who believe that roads should be reserved for automobiles. At a Manhattan bike-in held on May 19, 1974, furious motorists honked, yelled, and swore as bicyclists swarmed through the streets. When one youth temporarily blocked traffic, the livid driver of a tan Cadillac even ran over the youth's bicycle. Such urban unpleasantries, coupled with the lure of wilderness, steer many bikers onto secluded country lanes to enjoy picnics, fresh air, and skinny-dips in cold ponds. Any seasoned cyclist will tell you that country travel has idiosyncrasies, too. One must watch ahead for potholes, gravel, and railroad tracks, which can cause falls or flats.

Experts publish numerous articles in *Bike World* and *Bicycling* and give beginners this advice: wear sunglasses to protect eyes from bugs, dust, and glare; avoid blister-causing jeans or pants with ridged inner seams; try to ride with the prevailing winds; wear tennis shoes except on the sweltering desert, where leather is cooler; steer clear of white shoulder lines on the road, which may conceal glass; carry thirst-quenching fruits, such as peaches or plums, which don't need peeling; and obey all traffic regulations.

Veteran bikers also recommend top-quality equipment so that one won't get marooned in the Maine backwoods. A good, trouble-free 10-speed costs about $150, a 5-speed $120, and a 3-speed $100. But there are no limits on prestige. For status comparable to that of owning a $25,000 Ferrari Zagato or a $70,000 Rolls-Royce Camargue, one must purchase a $600 Fuji, $800 Le Jeune, or $1,200 Colnago. Other status names include Hetchins's Masi, and Maserati. Such prestige bikes offer the ultimate refinements: light weight (not over 23 pounds), alloy-steel frame, cotterless crank, rattrap pedals, sew-up tires, buffalo-hide saddle, and precision *derailleur* gears, often made by the prestigious Italian firm Campagnolo.

Should a biker opt for such elegance,

Sue Browder is a freelance writer and the author of The American Biking Atlas and Touring Guide *(Workman Publishing Co.).*

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he must constantly guard against thieves. Reasonable vigilance is insufficient. One Seattle woman chained her $900 Hetchins inside her car, covered the bike with old rags so that it resembled a pile of dirty laundry, and locked the car inside her bolted garage; nevertheless, the bike was pilfered before sunrise. A Manhattan man takes no chances with his custom-made 10-speed; he keeps the bike in his bathtub.

Despite all obstacles, the bike boom continues. Few novices take such drastic action as did Mary and Cliff Humphrey of Modesto, Calif., who five years ago decided to ride bikes everywhere and then proceeded to smash their car with a sledgehammer. But this summer you just may want to drag that dusty old bike from your attic or garage and spin your wheels.

II. Motorcycles

On a typical weekend Charlie Stuart, vice-president in charge of advertising for Bank of America, leaves his San Francisco offices behind and heads north to his weekend place. It is in Sonoma County, a picturesque region in California's wine country, surrounded by black-oak-covered hills and patterned with clear brooks and vineyards. Saturday morning Charlie's up early so that he can ride along the back roads through fresh air on his motorcycle before breakfast. "It's a bit difficult to keep a horse today—at least I don't have one—but I think you experience some of the same exhilaration on a big bike," says Mr. Stuart, who has been riding about 32 years. "Motorcycling is just so refreshing. It washes all my tensions from the bank away."

Charlie Stuart represents a new breed of motorcyclists who are erasing the stereotypical black-leather-jacket, tough-guy image that has plagued motorcyclists since the violent Hollywood productions of the Fifties. Brando's *The Wild One* is a prime example. In the United States today about 17 million persons ride more than 8 million motorcycles, and sales have risen from fewer than 300,000 in 1967 to nearly 1.4 million last year. Dr. Jay Chuck of New Middletown, Ohio, who recently underwent open-heart surgery, rides his cycle to relieve tension; Dr. J. H. Hedblom, sociology professor at Mississippi State University, leaves his Corvette and Mercedes in the garage and rides his cycle to feel "emotionally free"; and a Catholic priest in Boston makes house calls

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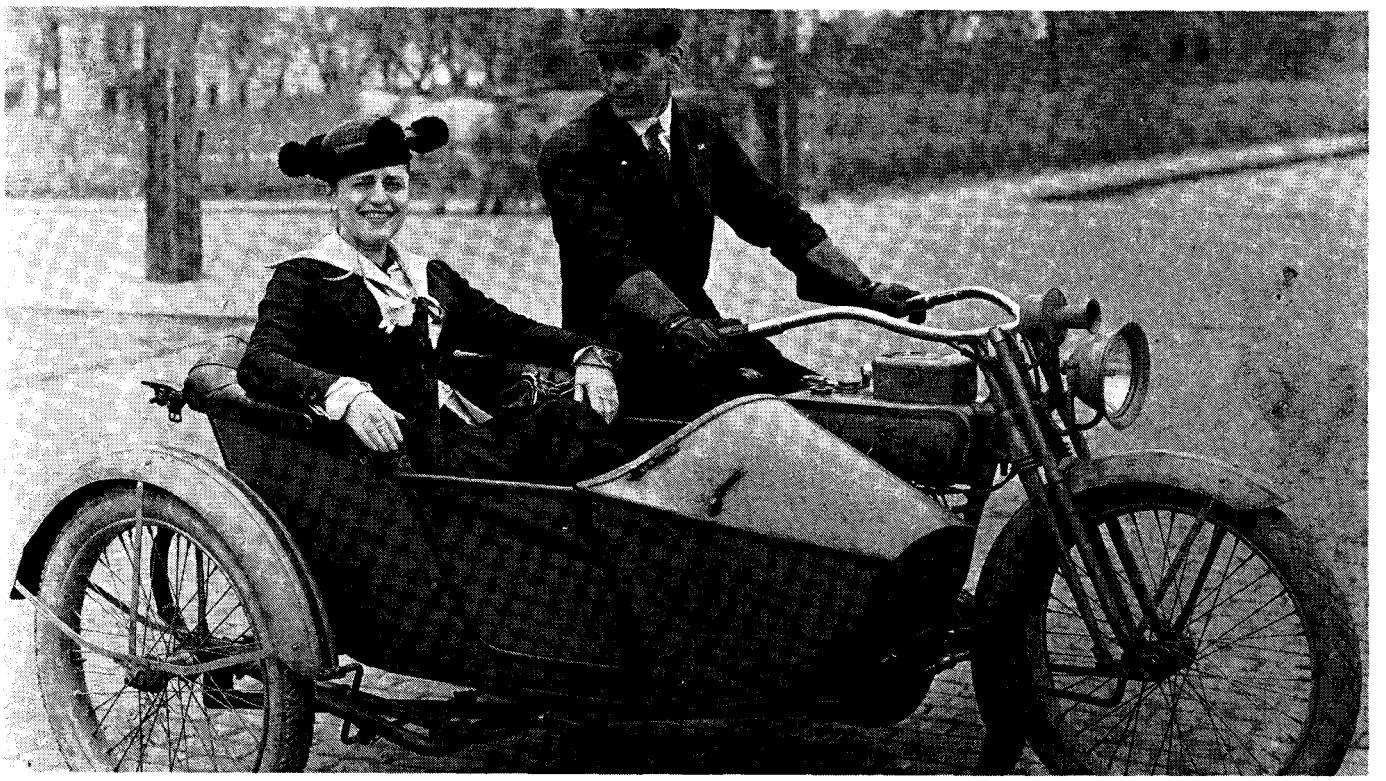

Culver

Motorcycling in the Twenties—"A priest in Boston makes house calls by motorcycle because the big bike soothes him."

by motorcycle because the big bike "soothes" him.

Though 9 out of 10 motorcyclists are men, each year the number of female riders grows. Most women prefer "dirt bikes," stripped, bare-essential cycles that cannot be licensed for street use and are ridden mostly on trails. But about one of four women cyclists buys fully accessorized bikes for use on the road. Katherine Dickey, whose husband is a banker in Custer City, Okla., commutes on her motorcycle to teach English at Southwestern State College in Weatherford; and a New Jersey housewife carts her two children on her cycle to the babysitter.

Cycling even involves entire families. Mini-bikes, leg-operated vehicles that look like motorcycles, but aren't, sell for $300 to $500 and cater to the 8- to 14-year-old set. Most parents are content to give their pre-schoolers the hot-selling "Big Wheel," a flashy toy resembling a motorcycle and manufactured by Marx. However, Jim Georges, vice-president of American Motorcycle Mechanics School in Chicago, has given his two-year-old son two real motorcycles: a red-and-white, gasoline-powered, junior-sized cycle with handlebar brakes and training wheels, which will go 15 miles per hour, and a smaller red-and-black, electric-powered, three-wheel blazer, the everyday vehicle the child rides around the family room.

More than 1 million college students now commute by motorcycle to campus, and even recreational cyclists often use their bikes for commuting. Dan Austin, 57, president of his own company in Baltimore, and his wife Jacqueline, 54, like to cycle on summer weekends through the hilly Amish farmland north of their Maryland home. On weekdays Mr. Austin leaves his 1975 Thunderbird and 1974 Ford Elite in the garage and rides his brown-and-orange motorcycle, equipped with radio telephone, 17 miles to the office. "I ride every chance I get," Mr. Austin says. "It's healthy, and it's the closest thing I can find to flying. I like the openness of cycling and the breeze in my face. Cycling really wakes me up in the mornings, too."

Economy is an added commuting and traveling plus. Mr. Austin's cycle gets about 45 miles to the gallon; his wife's smaller bike gets nearly 100. Charlie Stuart of San Francisco, who commutes weekdays to the bank on his second motorcycle, says, "Cycling seems the only sensible, practical way to commute. I don't pay $80 a month for parking—I pay $16. And when everybody was worried about gas shortages last year, I didn't even have to wait in line at the service stations."

Increasingly, motorcyclists take their bikes on vacations, too. This summer many local cycle clubs will sponsor tours, varying from "poker runs" (one-day outings) to two-week rides. For international travelers, KLM offers a European package that flies motorcyclists to Germany, where they can buy new cycles from a Munich factory and then spend the summer cycling through France, Italy, and Austria.

Also catering to the higher-income buyers are custom shops, which offer accessory tires, larger gas tanks, exotic handlebars, various chromed parts, and "sissy bars" for motorcycle enthusiasts to lean against while riding. For camping, cyclists can hitch small, two-wheeled trailers to their bikes or use more elaborate accessories, such as a new "cycle camper," costing $250 to $300, a tidy, vinyl-covered bundle that can be strapped to the cycle's back fender and that contains a two-man tent, a sleeping bag with mattress, a cycle-port to protect a high-class bike from rain, cooking utensils, and even a tent night-light.

As more motorcyclists travel farther,

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We know. We live there.

Any road you're on—in *Brittany*, the *Riviera*, *Paris*, *Gascony*, the *Loire châteaux* country—you'll easily find charming restaurants, pretty hotels and lively bistros with low prices you thought disappeared years ago.

To enjoy them, all you need is a plane ticket and a car. Air France Fly/Drive packages inexpensively supply both.

Chambre pour deux. $8.

In almost any town in France, $6 to $12 can get you a good, comfortable double with bath in a picturesque *auberge* or *hostellerie*.

And don't be surprised if your room is furnished with family heirlooms, authentic French Provincial or good Art Deco.

Oh yes, the room price includes taxes, services and often, continental breakfast.

5-course dinner. $5.80 for two.

Mousse de foie, gigot d'agneau rôti, gratin dauphinois, fromage et tarte de fruits.

That's an actual meal served by a restaurant, recommended by Michelin, only a few blocks from Chartres cathedral.

It's typical of how you can eat like a gourmet for pennies all over France. And savor the local specialties. The oysters in *Brittany*, *Gascony's cassoulet*. The *bouillabaisse* of the *Riviera*. The *boeuf* of Burgundy.

Best lunch in Europe: $2.15 for two.

France has over 350 cheeses and perhaps twice that many wines. Many never leave France. Or the region that produces them, for that matter.

Being in a region may be your only chance to sample the local delicacies. And the cost? Peanuts.

So the soundest advice we can give is live off the land.

Go to the markets of the French towns. Stroll among the *charcuteries* and open stalls. Put together a picnic from the cheeses, smoked meats, pâtés, fish, breads, fresh fruits, vegetables, wines.

Take off for a lavender field. Sit under a cypress. And feast.

Glorious freebies.

Motoring around, you'll realize why people have taken 10 days to travel 10 miles in France.

Around every bend is something worth stopping for:

A *château* you read about in a history book.

A Gothic cathedral that was a friend's PhD. thesis.

Or Roman ruins, museums, a palace of the *Bonapartes* or the *Bourbons*.

10 days of these pleasures may run you about $3.00.

And the French countryside itself is the stuff museums are made of. Van Gogh fields. Cézanne valleys. Watteau country lanes. Monet sea shores. It's all out there, glorious and free, to be seen from your car window.

The French Sidewalk Cafe. 40¢ a day.

A marvelous institution. Usually in a tree-lined, sun-splashed town square.

A place to have breakfast, sit over a cup of coffee or wine and watch a town live. No time limit. An hour. A morning. Or an afternoon. The waiters understand.

Les bargains.

H-m-m-m-, a parasol Madame Bovary would have used—$4.00.

An Art Nouveau bowl for $17. It would cost you a small fortune back home.

You'll run into little antique shops—our treasure troves—almost anywhere in France. A few good buys could help pay for the trip.

Another tip—the local handicrafts are bargains. In *Provence*, the pottery. The sweaters and lace of *Brittany*. The copperware of *Normandy*.

And in the boutiques, all over France, pick up a bagatelle for a lot less than you'd pay in your town's chic shops.

Free advice.

Mention you're motoring in France and your friends will draw up lists of their favorite hotels, out-of-the-way restaurants, unspoiled villages, and all manner of inside tips. France evokes that kind of enthusiasm.

If all that, and your own private research are not enough, speak to your travel agent. Or call Air France.

P.S. Your Fly/Drive package can be charged on your American Express credit card.

AIR FRANCE

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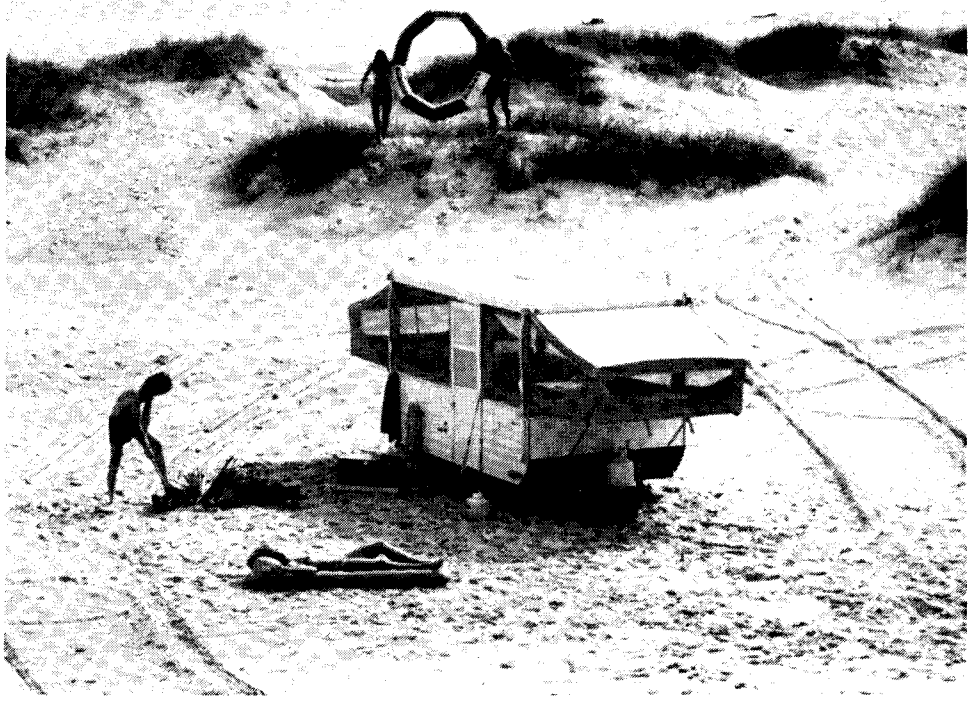

Burton McNeely: FPG

An RV in Florida—"No maids running in and out, no damn phones ringing."

the Hell's Angels image diminishes. As recently as 1969 so much anti-bike sentiment existed that *Road Rider* magazine published a regular column called "Welcome Mat," listing motels, hotels, and restaurants which had treated motorcyclists pleasantly. The fact that the magazine has dropped this column may be a sign of a changing attitude. Most places now seem friendly toward motorcyclists.

III. Recreational Vehicles

Travelers who consider the freewheeling styles of bicycling or motorcycling too arduous or rugged may opt this summer for recreational vehicles (RVs) accommodating plusher tastes. Americans now own more than 5 million RVs, ranging from camping or tent trailers, which cost from $500 to $3,000, to 29-foot motor homes, costing anywhere from $8,000 to $100,000. Blazing wilderness trails, but carrying along the amenities of home-brewed coffee, wall-to-wall carpeting, and color TV, RV owners have earned the tag "gentlemen campers."

Though consumer guides generally rate camping and tent trailers as the best buys in terms of space per dollar, the hottest-selling RVs continue to be the luxuriant motor homes, the biggest of which get only about nine miles to the gallon. Even last year's gasoline shortages and leap in fuel prices only slightly deterred motor-home use.

To explain such devotion to motor homes, public-relations men like to refer to the "RV mystique," which seems to revolve around the assurance that one's room will always be clean and the food consistently palatable. Somehow, in these times when a motor home's cost nearly matches those of select resorts, such cravings for security and homey comforts seem a bit extreme. Nevertheless, one Hartford, Conn., surgeon addicted to privacy claims to prefer his $25,000 motor home to any exclusive hotel. "I needn't tip," he says. "There are no maids running in and out of my room, no insolent waiters, and no damn phones ringing."

RV ENTHUSIASTS seem to fall roughly into two groups—those who, like the surgeon, want to escape civilization and those who want to carry society everywhere. Back-to-nature advocates extol the pleasures of awakening to the crashing surf, camping in an alpine meadow, or discovering a secluded clearing beside a waterfall in the Rockies. But more gregarious travelers can choose from nearly 1 million public and private campsites (compared with a mere 250,000 in 1960).

Some such campgrounds are embranglements of screaming children, raucous parties, and noisy TVs, where campers are exposed to all the unpleasantries of tenement housing. Others resemble resorts. Holiday Hills in Spokane offers telephones, three swimming pools, bicycle and motorbike trails, riding stables, a bar, and even a nightclub, all for $3.50 per night for a self-contained vehicle or $5 for full hookups. Even more exclusive are the condominium-style campgrounds, such as one in St. Lucie Beach, Fla., complete with helicopter rides and boat rentals, where RV owners purchase their campsites and then return each winter to greet friendly neighbors and bask beneath palms for five months.

The RV fever has also spread abroad. Ansett Airlines, one of Australia's domestic carriers, offers a motor-home vacation on the island state of Tasmania. Travelers fly from Sydney to Tasmania, where they drive away in campers equipped with gas stoves, broilers, cooking utensils, cutlery, and linens. TWA and Open Road Industries have put together similar flying-camper packages to eight American cities; National Airlines offers a comparable tour to Florida.

For travelers who simply wish to rent RVs, most retailers lease motor homes for $250 to $300 per week and smaller camper vans, chopped vans, and tent trailers for less. Usually, the price includes insurance and unlimited mileage.

And once you've rented an RV, you needn't stop with domestic travel. Winnebago International Travelers, a club of motor-home owners, has conducted caravans into Mexico, Canada, and even South Africa. On one recent seven-month winter caravan into Mexico, about 100 motor-home owners and their families journeyed together, pausing for weeks at a time to live in their motor homes, often in the shadows of Mexico's most elegant resorts.

Where will the RV phenomenon end? Manufacturers like to think that more people will become like 75-year-old Mildred Berberich, who lives in her motor home year-round. But some cynics predict a bleaker fate: they say fuel scarcity will eventually cause at least the huge motor homes to vanish like the dinosaurs. Whatever the motor home's ultimate destiny, today buyers are purchasing about 300,000 RVs a year, and wheels are rolling. □

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Collectors of the Far Out

Searching for Polish rugs, making rubbings in far-off cemeteries, and hunting for hollow geodes help to transform ordinary travel into a peripatetic hobby.

Culver

by Frank Riley

Do you happen to know what your local undertaker does with his empty embalming-fluid bottles? This question may seem a bit macabre, but if asked of a collector of offbeat bottles, it could produce a knee-jerk reaction of instant interest.

I received that kind of response when I mentioned in a newspaper column a few years ago that a bottle collector up in the Kootenay country of British Columbia had built himself a house out of embalming-fluid bottles. The reaction was a half-dozen phone calls and letters, plus one Western Union telegram, asking for more details: how, over what period of time, and at what cost had so many embalming-fluid bottles been acquired?

The matter came to mind after I did a column recently about a small personal pilgrimage I had made to the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson, atop a mountain on the island of Upolu in western Samoa. A lady from Boulder, Colo., wrote: "I am 68 years old, and I have not climbed any mountains for a while, but I am very much interested to know just how difficult it is to get up to Robert Louis Stevenson's grave. I would dearly love to add his beautiful epitaph to my collection of gravestone rubbings. . . ."

On a less *outré* but no less intriguing level, I've been asked for help in collecting everything from South Pacific seashells to dirigible memorabilia, rare rocks, and Polish rugs. Fortunately, since my wife and I seldom bring back anything from our travels besides notebooks full of notes, it's usually possible to refer an inquirer to more authoritative sources of information. The collectors of the world's esoterica are now numerous enough to have spawned their own communications media, along with a vast infrastructure of commercial suppliers, most of them graduates from the ranks of amateur hobbyists.

Dr. James A. Peterson, professor of sociology at the University of Southern California and author of many books about marriage and the family, is a classic example of what can happen to a person who starts out to do a little casual rock-collecting. He and his artist wife, Audrey, wandered around the West during summer vacations, now and then picking up a hollow geode or a small stone with a sapphire glow. It seemed an innocuous next step to install in the garage some modest equipment for cutting and polishing. Audrey took time out from her painting to mount some of the polished stones in artful settings. Six years ago, in partnership with four East Coast friends, James and Audrey bought 600 acres of the historic Eldorado Bar diggings along the upper reaches of the Missouri River in western Montana, 32 miles from Helena. The acres are rich with "those curious blue stones," which were ignored by early gold panners and the hydraulic operators who followed.

Dr. Peterson has spent his last five summer vacations working with pick and shovel and playing host to thousands of fellow rock hounds from around the world. The cost for digging is $10 per day. The collector keeps all he digs and receives instructions and a lesson in geology from a professor of sociology, which are included in the fee.

Sitting on a bluff overlooking Missouri River waters, the slender, erudite professor with a small gray mustache can be as eloquent discussing rocks as he is when he gives a classroom lecture at USC: "Today, some 10 million Americans enjoy rock-hounding vacations and weekends. They are among the most happy, healthy, and involved human beings on the face of the earth. Who can pick up a hollow geode—or thunder egg, as Indians called it—and not wonder how such a marvelous stone was formed?" The greatest wonder of all must have come to the Eldorado Bar

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A newspaper columnist and an associate editor of Los Angeles Magazine, *Frank Riley is a frequent contributor to* SR.

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digger who picked up a $15,000 French blue museum sapphire.

However, collectors of Polish rugs swear that their avocation can be more consistently profitable than collecting blue sapphires. Freewheeling Polish entrepreneurs are willing collaborators. On a side street in Warsaw two summers ago, we saw in a shop window the sign: "Take advantage of the contradictions of capitalism. Buy a Polish rug." We were content for the moment to remain unaligned with the contradictions of either capitalism or socialism, despite assurances that a hand-woven rug purchased for $200 in Poland would be worth $800 or more to collectors in the United States.

For most collectors, however, the possibility of profit seems to rank a remote second to the pure joy of collecting. An artist who collects can have the best of both worlds. Jerry Regur, a Southern California artist noted for her weavings, stitchery, and embroidery, became interested in gravestone rubbings when she and her husband were in England, visiting their daughter, who had already become addicted to British tombstones. "At a place like Westminster Abbey," Jerry relates, "you have to apply months in advance for a rubbing date. This wasn't necessary at the small churches out in the countryside, where our daughter lived. The largest church we went to was in Cardington, and there we did phone ahead to the vicar. He was very jolly as he took us to the prize gravestone. He told us, 'Now, don't talk too much, girls; it will take you at least an hour and a half to do a proper rubbing of this one.' "

For a proper rub, the collector may use anything from wrapping paper to a delicate, white rice paper or even a gold paper. The sheet is first fixed firmly to the gravestone with masking tape and is then rubbed with what Jerry Regur calls an oiled crayon. "My interest," she says, "is in getting unusual embroidery motifs, but the rubbings can be framed and do make very handsome pictures."

This kind of collecting can be a lot of work. Jerry explained: "Sometimes we found ourselves back in the corner of an old, unheated English country church, down on our hands and knees while it was snowing and blowing outside. But it was a rewarding experience, and I got some wonderful designs!" Subsequently, on a trip through the Far East, Jerry discovered that the technique of collecting gravestone rubbings could be extrapolated to apply to Oriental manhole covers: "Just walking along the streets I would see manhole covers with very decorative Oriental designs—like stylized chrysanthemums." *Hobbies*, the monthly magazine for collectors, may soon have to add a department that deals with rubbings of Oriental manhole covers, although their limited availability, compared with that of gravestones, is likely to keep down the size of the cult.

Mary Alice Kellogg, of *Newsweek*'s San Francisco office, looks upon gravestone rubbings "as the cheapest and most instructive way to own American folk art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. To walk through a pre-Revolution graveyard in New England," she writes, is to come upon "probably the most representative works of American art the eighteenth century gave us . . . ; the crudely carved death's head, the misspelled names, and the total bluntness of the inscriptions reveal a rough and creative people who knew what the term 'up front' meant before it was invented."

Mrs. Kellogg's collecting has taken her from the stern Puritan skull-and-crossbones school of grave carvings to later eras of cherubs, urns, graceful trees, and medallions: "The men who carved these stones were the practitioners of a unique art, one handed down from generation to generation."

New England and Olde England are fruitful pastures for an astonishing variety of collectors of the odd and the esoteric. H. Tolman, P.O. Box 603, Orange, Conn., notes in *Hobbies* that he will trade for old mint and standard occupational shaving mugs. R. MacDowell, 106 Hathaway Circle, Arlington, Mass., is heavily into antique advertising literature.

When you are in London, I recommend you consult the personal columns of the *Daily Telegraph* as potentially rich sources for collectors. In an issue of a few weeks ago, an ad placed by R.

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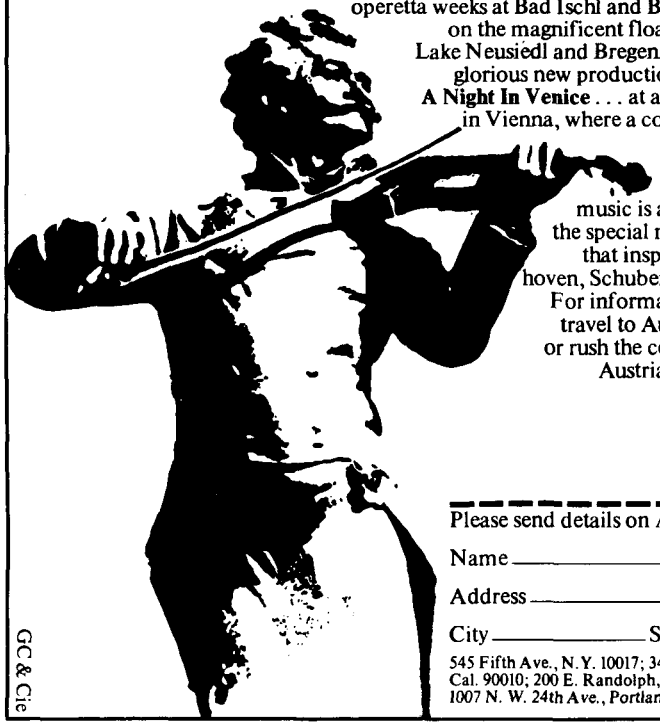
Austria is **music**, a harmony of man and nature that celebrates all life. This year, we mark the 150th anniversary of the birth of Johann Strauss in a year-long festival of joy. Join us during operetta weeks at Bad Ischl and Baden . . . for performances on the magnificent floating stages in Mörbisch on Lake Neusiedl and Bregenz on Lake Constance . . . at glorious new productions of **Die Fledermaus** and **A Night In Venice** . . . at a stunning **Gypsy Baron** . . . in Vienna, where a comprehensive exhibition in honor of Strauss awaits your eye . . . and Salzburg, the festival city, where music is as natural as air. Come feel the special magic of our beautiful land that inspired Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms and Schönberg. For information on excellent values in travel to Austria, ask your travel agent or rush the coupon below to the nearest Austrian National Tourist Office.



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Burnett of Nottingham, offering a varied selection of antique watches, was juxtaposed with a box-number ad that tantalizingly sought felt-mounted leopard skins and squirrel-fur bed covers.

Portobello Road, in the Notting Hill section of London, has long been an off-trail alternative antique market to such customary shopping centers as Christie's, Harrods, and Liberty's, especially for collectors of brass, copper, furniture, and old silver.

Several years ago Anne Anderson, who now writes a ski column for the Vancouver *Sun*, started collecting embossed toilet paper in the old public washrooms of London. Her favorite is still the roll on which each little white square is embossed with the words: "In Her Majesty's Name."

Collectors of umbrellas with swords built into the handles can still find one of these mugger-repellents in small umbrella dispensaries just off High Holborn. London is also an excellent source for antique bottles, though I have not heard that it is particularly productive for collectors of embalming-fluid bottles. Bottle hounds, I am told, likewise have rich pickings in the ghost towns of the West and along the coast of Florida, where a hurricane sometimes resurrects an old treasure from a sunken ship. One of the great finds along the Keys, reported by Horace Sutton in 1964, was a bottle once filled with "Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Cure."

Paris has been favored by generations of male visitors for its collections of French dolls, but—as any reader of *Hobbies* knows—it's possible to do such collecting closer to home with less potentially disruptive effects on your family life. Ralph's Antique Dolls, located in Parkville, Mo., offers this little Parisian bundle: "24-inch closed mouth French F. G. [aultier] on marked Gesland stockinette body, new human-hair wig, comp. shoulder repainted, brown paper-weight eyes, pierced ears, $785." Considering everything, the price *could* be higher along the Champs-Élysées.

And, presumably for the masochist, a young lady who lives down on West Thirteenth Street in New York City offers: "Nixon Doll. Four-inch, remarkable likeness, vinyl, 1972 campaign, socketed arms, head, increasingly rare political/doll collectible. $8.50 ppd."

Merely to page through an issue of *Hobbies* is a mind-stretching experience for the non-collector. Dale Sandige, of Phoenix, Ariz., wants "old cannons, any size, any condition." Pat Regis, of Deland, Fla., is looking for fire-department trumpets. Goat figurines—"anything with goats featured"—turn on a collector in Rochester, Mich. SaraLee Sales in Pittsburgh will buy, sell, or trade Nazi war relics, while "Box BB" in Chicago is anxious to acquire "pre-Prohibition American Whiskey Memorabilia."

In Parsippany, N.J., you can obtain a full-color picture of the town of Old Boonton, "now submerged beneath the Jersey City Reservoir." Wallace Nutting, Jerry Lee Lewis, and William McKinley memorabilia are urgently desired by several collectors. So are such scrimshaw as whale's teeth. A mechanical bank—The Lion and Two Monkeys—gets feature billing. We are assured: "The bank was never made with a single monkey." Tapes of the Bing Crosby Woodbury Soap broadcasts of 1934 are offered to collectors not only with the voice of the early Bing but also with the unexpurgated soap commercials by Ken Niles. Dr. A. Gordon Melvin writes a scholarly feature on olive shells—"the look-alikes of the shell world." Old letters, postcards, stamps, and stereo view cards compete with the comic art of the Katzenjammers' for the collector's buck. This summer's traveling collector is invited to cut-glass, porcelain, and assorted antique showings all the way from Fort Myers, Fla., to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Houston, Tex., and Long Beach, Calif.

As a traveler dedicated to non-collecting, I do have to make a confession that proves no one is truly immune. My downfall was caused by a nineteenth-century roll-top desk, currently in a collector's category of hot items. My wife and I happened on it in Nouméa, New Caledonia. Our longtime friend Max Shekleton, now an understandably successful art and antique dealer, took us through the basement of his new gallery. And there it was—a roll-top desk, which had come from France to Nouméa in the middle of the nineteenth century. A craftsman was in the act of restoring it. My wife's eyes lit up like Christmas candles; in fact, it was two weeks before Christmas. Max mercifully tried to help me off the hook, but the barb was already set.

I will only say that the cost of the final 20 miles of drayage for the 2,000-pound crate, from the port of Los Angeles to our home in Manhattan Beach, was roughly equivalent to the fare for the first leg of its sea voyage from Nouméa to Sydney, Australia. If you ever get hooked, I hope it's on embossed toilet paper or an embalming-fluid bottle. □

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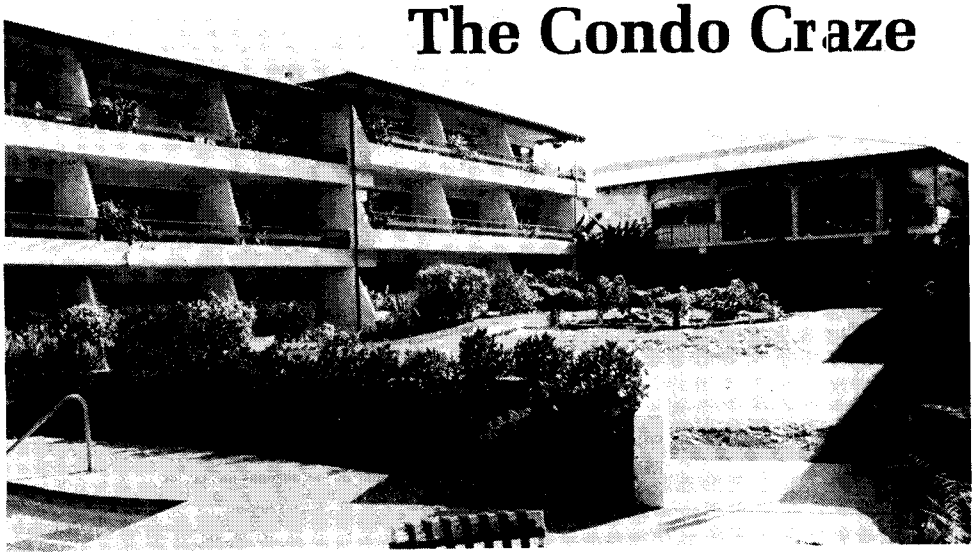
The Condo Craze



Creative Leisure

Casa de Emdeko, Hawaii—"What has caused the phenomenal worldwide boom?"

by Patricia and Lester Brooks

"Tamarron is the Old West—and the New West: above all, it is or can be yours: a family resort, a hideaway, or a private country club. Amid its valleys, buttes, and surrounding cliffs and peaks you can find one of the world's deepest satisfactions: a feeling of belonging, with your luxurious, timbered, balconied condominium apartment making you a part year-round of a beautiful, ever-changing landscape."
—From a brochure published by Golf Hosts International Resort.

Pearly words, such as those that describe Tamarron, a new and handsome development in southwestern Colorado, are typical of a sales approach used by builders who have fashioned a new style of life and leisure-living: the condominium apartment. Appealing to persons who seek their own *pied-à-terre* in the mountains or alongside the sea, condominiums are also an investment. To the developer, they are a means of financing an expensive resort. To the vacationist the condo—to use the breezier term—provides a new form of hotel lodging that is often complete with housekeeping facilities, ample elbow room, as well as a fully equipped playland at one's elbow.

Patricia and Lester Brooks are authors of How To Buy Property Abroad *and* How To Buy a Condominium (*Doubleday*), *which will be published this spring.*

For the second-home buyer, the condo provides the option of renting for immediate return or a chance to resell at some future time. Moreover, it is easy to maintain, secure when you're not there, attractive but not so unusual that it will have limited rental appeal, and located in or near a popular vacation area where there is almost a written guarantee of sunshine—or snow—much of the year.

What has caused the phenomenal condominium boom all over the world's vacation lands? There are many reasons for it. For starters, more people here and abroad have the leisure and money to travel to holiday locations in spite of inflation-recession. To service the multitudes, jumbo jets now fly directly to more of these locations, saving both time and money on the transfers to bus, train, or ship that formerly had to be made. Charter flights and special holiday packages have made travel—even for weekends—so easy that it has become a way of life to many. (The entire European continent seems to tilt south each winter as throngs of Scandinavians head to Iberia to escape the icy winds.)

The tens of thousands pouring into vacation spots have outrun existing facilities, causing a feverish building spree. Demand has raced beyond supply in many choice areas. No wonder land and building prices have leaped upward. Inflation has also driven prices up and is a powerful persuader for real-estate investment. After all, why not buy something that you will enjoy today and pay for tomorrow in cheaper money? With property values escalating at 8 to 15 percent per year and banks paying over 7 percent interest on savings, many of the money-wise think it makes sense to invest in real estate.

The growing demand for choice vacation homes in popular resort areas has made real estate in such places relatively liquid. Developers and speculators, quick to spot a trend, have moved fast to capitalize on the demand and potential for profit. Travel packages and airlines have devised tour packages including a stay at a condominium. To condominium investors, this promotion of key recreation areas can offer a bonanza, to wit: (1) dollars-and-cents profits on property that sometimes increases in value even before the building is completed, (2) income from rental, (3) boosting usable income via tax shelter, (4) capital gains. Presto! More and more condominiums!

Despite the boom, there is still some confusion about exactly what a condominium is. In essence, it is a form of ownership, not a type or style of housing—a legal arrangement in which you buy outright an apartment, a townhouse, or a freestanding house in a multiple-unit development. You hold the deed free and clear, just as you would if you owned a regular single-unit house. But in addition, you have joint ownership in the common areas—walks, roads, parking areas, the swimming pool, and other recreational facilities—which you own in an "undivided interest with the other unit owners." Unlike cooperatives, condominium units are owned separately, not as shares in a corporation. A condominium owner isn't responsible for any default by his neighbors.

A resort condominium can be as simple and minimal or as posh and luxurious as one's taste and bank account decree. Among the options on the market are: low-rise garden apartments and high-rise condo towers, such as are found blanketing Hawaii, Florida, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands; quaint "instant villages" of townhouses and apartments, which are popular in Portugal's Algarve, in Majorca, and along the new French Riviera west of Marseilles; villas clustered around golf courses, such as the elegant Soto Grande in southern Spain, John's Island in Florida, and the Aga Khan's Costa Smeralda in Sardinia. The most unusual wrinkle is the hotel room in resort hotels, which you can buy just as you would any con-

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dominium and have restricted use of during the year and share in the rental to hotel guests. Such rooms are available at Mexico's newly opened luxury resort, Las Hadas, as well as in Marriott's Camelback Inn in Scottsdale, Ariz., and in numerous hotels in Hawaii and along the French Riviera.

Prices range all over the lot, too. For example: at Port Barcares, along France's new Riviera, there is a project of luxury villas, each provided with two to five bedrooms, a living room, a patio, a kitchen, baths, storage space, and each fronting on the lagoon with a 30-foot mooring space. In winter a special system lifts the owners' boats and hauls them inside the villas, turning the ground-floor living areas into a sort of a drydock. It's different anyway —and yours for $24,000 to $55,000 depending on villa size and location.

Near the village of Praia da Rocha stands a cluster of high-rise condominium apartments which have balcony views of one of the most dramatic beaches on Portugal's Algarve. The view is yours for $10,000 to $25,000. At Paguera, on Majorca, condominium apartments, which sold for $10,250 in 1965, now sell for $18,000 to $20,000. And then again, there are exclusive sections of the Bahamas where building lots alone run to $60,000.

Part of the reason for the condo craze that has reshaped the topography of Spain's Costa del Sol, Acapulco, Maui in Hawaii, and the Florida coast, among other sun spots, is that condominiums offer—at their best—relatively secure investments on generally favorable terms, require little maintenance, and, most important perhaps, provide easy rentability, usually through the services of a management team. The fee for such service can run anywhere from 15 percent to 50 percent of the rental and provides for the tip-top condition of your unit, linen and maid service, security, and the usually expected maintenance. Management services vary, as do the fees, a fact to be kept in mind and checked carefully when you are comparison-shopping your condominiums.

Once you've made the emotional commitment to buying a resort property, the next questions are when and where. Only you can make that determination, but certain factors are working in your favor now in this recessed market. Sellers are hungrier, and you have the chance to negotiate terms and prices.

Where to buy may well be the toughest question of all. With glossy brochures, fancy ads, and seductive lures from at least three dozen places, how is a body to determine the best investment choice? Here are three principles we think ought to apply to any contemplated purchase of a resort property:

ACCESSIBILITY: this is a crucial factor if you plan to use and rent out your vacation home often. It's all very well to have a spectacular *pied-à-terre* on a delicious, wave-lapped isle in the Philippines, but, realistically, how many times a year can you afford to go there and how long will it take you to get there? Paddling in a dugout canoe for the last 30 miles may be quite picturesque, but it may prove as unpractical as it is tiring. Proximity to a major international airport is a key element in buying abroad. In the United States accessibility means good access roads and an airport within reasonable distance.

VIABILITY: getting there may be half the fun—but don't count on it, if you want your second home to be a paying, even profitable, proposition. Buying in or near the major well-known, well-advertised, world playgrounds increases rental and resale opportunities. The "Beautiful People" help make a resort area popular in a hurry.

STABILITY: this is perhaps the most important and elusive of the three principles. As unpredictable as today's world is, you'll not want your $100,000, $30,000, or even $12,000 investment to be afflicted by the whims of a petty dictator or a sudden military coup. Those are lovely beaches in Lebanon, but we wouldn't want to live there. Or own there. Areas of recurrent turbulence, such as the Mideast and certain Caribbean islands, where newly felt nationalism has created an uneasy political and social climate, would be "no-nos" to us.

That brings up another point to consider: whether to buy at home or abroad. If you're a tax-haven hunter, you'll probably head for such Caribbean harbors as the Bahamas or Barbados. Otherwise, it's pretty much a matter of temperament. If you need the security blanket of a familiar neighborhood supermarket or deli, you may be happier looking for property in Florida, the Georgia-Carolina coastal islands, or Hawaii. Foreign property purchase is not for the timorous. But if you get misty when you hear the word *Mediterranean,* you'll find literally hundreds of choices along its shores and islands.

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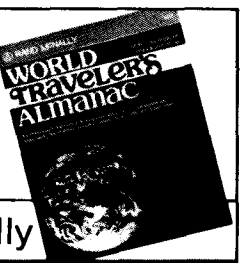

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for you to invest, because there is a mystique to property buying—especially vacation property—that transcends the mere cash-and-carry transaction. As a matter of simple fact, however, there are places to which Americans have been gravitating in sizable numbers in recent years: Costa Rica, a haven for retirees because of cheap living costs and tax advantages; Portugal and Spain, twin citadels of local color and inexpensive living (costs are now rising but are still among Europe's lowest); St. Maarten's in the Caribbean, which is comfortable and friendly though no longer inexpensive; Cancun and Cozumel, Mexico's windows on the Caribbean, on the threshold of spectacular exploitation; and Hawaii and Puerto Rico, both investment favorites because of airline promotion of package vacations tied in with a stay at a condominium.

ONCE YOU'VE DECIDED on a general area or state in the United States or a specific country or island abroad, it's time to go beyond mystique and do your choosing with a cold, jaundiced eye. *Warning*: never, no, never, not even hardly ever, buy a resort condominium (or any other kind for that matter) sight unseen. Slick brochures do not a good investment make. At least, not necessarily. Spend lots and lots of time looking, judging, and getting experts to help you judge before you set pen to dotted line on a sales contract. Never do so spontaneously after a love-at-first-flight weekend inspection trip or a flack-sponsored dinner-and-slide show.

Then there's the question of how to buy. One absolutely basic rule if you're buying abroad: rent first to see if you like the area, the people, the ambience. Antigua may not be your style. Better to find this out before crossing the dotted line. In general, the same common-sense rules pertain to buying a condominium that apply to buying a house—plus a few special additional ones. You need the same careful inspection of the structure—preferably with the aid of a qualified engineer, contractor, or architect. You need the same legal help, but more of it, for condominium contracts are sometimes a labyrinth designed to protect the seller and shaft the buyer. If you're buying abroad, use a knowledgeable local lawyer who knows the ropes, rules, and restrictions.

If you're buying a condo that isn't complete yet—and sometimes this can be the *best* investment, because escalating construction costs can boost the finished value radically—check the track record of the builder with great care. Builders are very good at promises, but it pays to see a D & B report on their financial reliability.

If the developer has advertised his project as an investment opportunity, there should be an SEC prospectus on his project. Ask to see it and study it carefully. It's a detailed, comprehensive document designed to protect you, the buyer, from false promises and non-delivery. Another essential document designed to protect you is the property report. HUD's Office of Interstate Land Sales Registration (OILSR) requires that all land (not buildings) advertised and sold across state lines be registered and that the property report be offered to potential buyers. The law is specific on this requirement. The buyer must have this report before signing the contract. If not given it, he may legally cancel the contract.

If you're buying abroad, more to shelter your money in a tax-free harbor than for sheer enjoyment, you'll want to be especially careful in navigating the shoals of that harbor.

Mexico, without patience on your part and reliance on the services of an experienced Mexican lawyer, can be the *bête noire* of foreign investors. The laws are complex and changing.

WITHIN THE UNITED STATES, keep in mind that condominium growth is a phenomenon of the past six years. This means that state laws have not been able to keep up with the accelerated explosion in certain areas. Laws vary widely and are quite good and protective of the buyer in Virginia, California, and New York. Florida, the land of so many condominium rip-offs, is one of the low states on this totem pole; so any Florida resort property deserves double scrutiny, then double again.

When your decision is made, whenever and wherever, and you're winging it back and forth, season to season, you may discover that aside from the dollar rewards of your resort-property investment, there are psychic satisfactions as well. Think of it. In the abyss of a New York January, you can unsettle a cocktail gathering and regale your friends by saying, "Last weekend at my condominium in Acapulco, I met Merle Oberon at this interesting little brunch." You may lose a friend or—who knows?—gain a few condominium converts. □

CRUISE SCHEDULE 1975·76

Spring Holiday Caribbean Cruise. Sagafjord, 14 days, 6 ports. May 23/25 from New York & Port Everglades to St. Thomas, Guadeloupe, St. Barthelemy, St. Maarten, San Juan, Haiti, Port Everglades, New York.

North Cape, Fjordlands Cruise. Sagafjord, 33 days, 11 ports. June 4/7 from Port Everglades & New York to Amsterdam, Hamburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Oslo, Stavanger, Bergen, Flaam, Gudvangen, Hellesylt, Geiranger, Svartisen Glacier, Hammerfest, Skarsvaag (North Cape), Reykjavik, New York.

Scandinavia, Russia Cruise. Sagafjord, 31 days, 10 ports. July 11 from New York to Molde, Aandalsnes, Geiranger, Bergen, Oslo, Visby, Stockholm, Helsinki, Leningrad, Copenhagen, New York.

Baltic, Russia & Scandinavia Cruise. Sagafjord, 31 days, 10 ports. August 11 from New York to Copenhagen, Leningrad, Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo, Eidfjord, Bergen, Hellesylt, Geiranger, Molde, Aandalsnes, New York.

*__Six Caribbean Cruises.__ Sagafjord. September 14, 6 days, 2 ports; September 20, 27, October 4, 11 & 18, 7 days, 3 ports. All cruises leave from and return to Port Everglades. Ports chosen from: St. Thomas, Nassau, St. Barthelemy, St. Maarten.

*__Three Fall West Indies Cruises.__ Sagafjord, 14 days, 8 ports. October 25, November 8 and November 22 from Port Everglades to Haiti, Curacao, La Guaira (for Caracas), St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, St. Thomas, San Juan, Port Everglades.

Christmas-New Year Cruise. Sagafjord, 19 days, 8 ports. December 17/19 from New York & Port Everglades to San Juan, St. Maarten, Antigua, Grenada, La Guaira (for Caracas), Bonaire, Aruba, St. Thomas, Port Everglades, New York.

*__Eleven Caribbean Cruises.__ Vistafjord, January 19-May 15, 1976, 7-14 days, 3-8 ports. All cruises leave from and return to Port Everglades. Ports chosen from: Aruba, Barbados, Bonaire, Colombia, Curacao, Guadeloupe, Haiti, Jamaica, La Guaira (for Caracas), Martinique, San Juan, St. Barthelemy, St. Croix, St. Lucia, St. Maarten, St. Thomas.

*On these *Special Bonus Cruises*, NAL will pay half the round trip coach air fare to Port Everglades (Ft. Lauderdale) for passengers arriving from outside Florida; and a $50 travel allowance for in-Florida residents.

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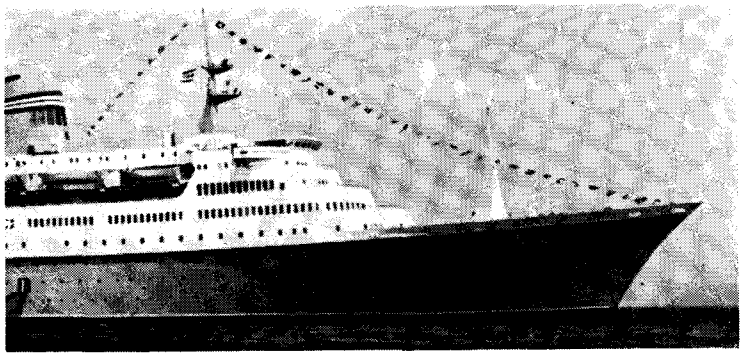
Six reasons why cruising with NAL makes all the difference in the world.



There's as much difference between cruises as there is between cruising and other vacations. Here's why your first cruise should be on the Sagafjord or Vistafjord.

Cruising is great. The breeze on your cheek. Days filled with sun. Nights filled with stars. Flying fish skimming, dolphins gambolling. The sea shifting and sparkling with its myriad moods and colors, while new lands, great ports or shy, untouched villages and islands seem to float almost timelessly toward you.

A DIFFERENT VACATION

You unwind, and find yourself again. There are practical reasons. Gone is the hassle of making connections, dealing with strangers, packing and unpacking, checking in and out. On a cruise you unpack just once, and from then on you are among friends.

But as with everything else, there are cruises and cruises. Why then are NAL cruises so different, and why do so many people return to them again and again?

THE DIFFERENT SHIPS

First because of our ships, Vistafjord and Sagafjord. Some facts: each is about 25,000 tons, around 630 feet long and 80-plus feet wide, with a 20-knot cruising speed. It's the ideal size for cruising. Large enough to feature every possible luxury and entertainment *and convenience. Yet not so vast that you have the* feeling of being in a city at sea.

A DIFFERENT SPACIOUSNESS

Each ship accommodates in the range of 400-500 passengers with the utmost luxury, in spacious twin-bedded or single staterooms. Each could have been configured to carry twice as many. So the sense of spaciousness is striking, especially, by comparison, on the shorter cruises. The Vistafjord, for instance, is far and away the most spacious ship offering a series of Caribbean cruises from Port Everglades this fall and winter. And after all, who wants to go to sea and feel like a sardine?

Both ships are also stunningly beautiful, with the flair and drama of Norwegian design. Imagine a Ballroom in orange and beige with "big coin" lights. A dining room that spans the ship, its windows framing the sea. Murals, collages, and contemporary sculptures. Warm teak panelings. A swirling amphitheatre lounge with a dance floor. A chic nightclub in red.

Imagine pools and acres of open decks. A gym. A sauna. Boutique. Beauty parlor. And more. And fantastic cuisine. And brilliant entertainment...

A DIFFERENT WELCOME

The other half of cruising is the crew. Ours personify the famous NAL welcome. Attractive, European, gracious, warm and genuinely friendly. (We get letters about them.) On the Vistafjord and Sagafjord "welcome aboard" and "welcome back" are not just phrases. You'll get to know your Karen and Willi and Dennis and Inge and Olaf. You'll remember them next time. And vice versa.

You'll also find friendships blossom quickly with your fellow-passengers. Our ships attract the nicest people. People, should we say, like yourself?

A DIFFERENT WORLD

Cruising is also ports of call and fascinating shore excursions. Our itineraries, you will find, ingeniously combine the classic and innovative, from the Caribbean and South America to Scandinavia, Russia and the fjordlands.

A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE

It all adds up to this. There's cruising, and then there's NAL cruising. Your experience is different because *our* experience uniquely spans 65 years of Norwegian-style world cruising. Why not ask the expert, your travel agent, which Sagafjord or Vistafjord cruises are exactly right for you? Or call or write us for brochures of our cruises. They're different.

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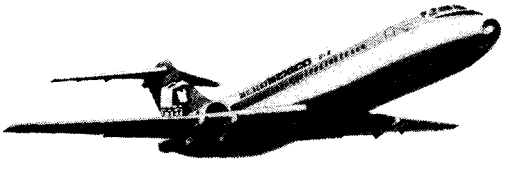

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(**Germany:** *continued from page 18.*)
teachers and what the teachers do with the materials available. Meanwhile, West German youth yearn to know. A number of years ago, during International Brotherhood Week, one of the television networks broadcast a series of programs about three individuals who had resisted the Nazi dictatorship in a modest but very personal and courageous way. Bonn's *General Anzeiger,* the capital's largest daily, subsequently conducted a survey among younger readers, asking their impressions of the programs and their views on whether more should be taught about the past. The overwhelming majority said yes.

"My parents, however, don't want to hear about it anymore," said a 20-year-old *Gymnasium* graduate working as a secretary in a government office. "What's more, they don't want me to hear about it, either. My father forbade me to see those programs, and I had to go to a friend's house to watch. He said they would be tendentious, that too much was being written, said, and shown about the Third Reich, and that most of it was exaggerated propaganda. He's my father, and I have to do what he says, but I think he was a very active Nazi. He doesn't talk about it, and my mother told me never to ask him. But I want to know."

Perhaps it is this search for the pieces that spurred the sudden interest in Hitler and the Third Reich in 1973 and 1974. Actually, the scope and intensity of that "Hitler Wave" was grossly exaggerated in reporting outside Germany. Compared with a similar wave that engulfed Great Britain and the United States at about the same time, Germany's was actually a ripple. Many of the books sold and films shown in Germany were imports from abroad, and many of them did not do too well. The British film *Hitler—The Last 10 Days* premiered in Munich on the Fuehrer's birthday and played to near-empty houses. Moreover, a lot of the "wave" was nothing more than clever marketing and not overly successful marketing at that. Two national magazines, *Der Spiegel* and *Stern,* serialized the two most important German books about Hitler, but neither recorded a perceptible increase in circulation as a result. Although Joachim Fest's excellent biography of Hitler was on the best-seller list for 10 months, it sold fewer than 350,000 copies in a country of 60 million people who buy their books rather than go to a library to borrow them. And no other Hitler tome came even close to that sales figure.

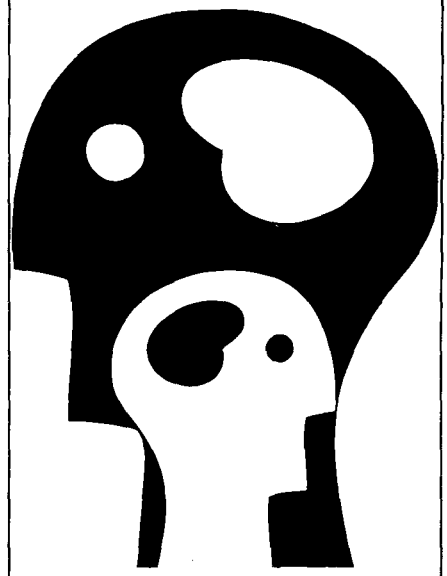
Nor has the significance of the wave been fully understood. Fest himself ascribed the commercial success of his book to the advent of the younger generations, which did not experience the Hitler years and now are curious about a past that does not embarrass them. That may be so, but as one reviewer, Wilfried von Bredow, pointed out: "As yet we do not have the data that would permit an exact sociological analysis of the Hitler wave. We do not know who reads the Hitler books. Is it the older generation, now pensioned and hungry to catch up on what they missed?—a gap of which their own children frequently remind them. Or is it the young? Nor can we assess their impact." Only one movie played to packed houses: Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator,* never before shown in Germany. The audiences roared with laughter. So did those who attended or watched on television Austrian actor Helmut Qualtinger's readings of lengthy passages from *Mein Kampf* and imitations of Hitler.

Those who condemned the sudden German interest in Hitler criticized the books for "minimizing his crimes." Alfred Wolfmann, a German-Jewish journalist reporting for Israeli papers from Bonn, said sharply: "These books and articles show the human side of Hitler. That's scandalous. Hitler is being reduced to the status of an ordinary man, and that shames us all."

But shouldn't it? In his *History of Germany,* Michael Freund said "Hitler cannot be measured in human terms."

But Hitler *was* a man. Men twisted his psyche, fired his ambitions, brought him to power, hailed him, fought his wars, and committed monstrous crimes in his name and at his command. Hitler *was* human —a product and a part of humanity—and only when his humanness has been fully understood by the German people will they be able to come to terms with the phenomenon of Hitler. Joseph Goebbels used to call him endearingly "our Hitler." The Germans seem at last to be realizing that this, precisely, is what he was. And only in that realization can they fully digest the past and heal the wounds of history. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 32* (see page 25): A celebrity is a person who works hard all his life to become well known, then wears dark glasses to avoid being recognized. Fred Allen



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Double-Crostic No. 72

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 Z	2 K	3 Y		4 D	5 A	6 U	7 E	8 S	9 I	10 Q	11 B		12 Y	13 E		14 Q	15 P
16 C		17 F	18 K	19 C	20 A		21 Y	22 P		23 Q	24 O	25 G	26 Y	27 N		28 Q	29 X
	30 T	31 K	32 Y		33 U	34 N	35 V	36 E	37 R	38 H		39 B	40 F	41 V		42 Q	43 M
44 V	45 S	46 U	47 Z	48 O	49 F	50 R	51 W	52 N	53 T	54 P	55 K		56 L	57 D	58 Q	59 H	
60 I	61 L	62 N	63 D	64 T	65 Y	66 Q	67 V	68 A	69 M	70 X		71 A	72 K	73 I	74 V		75 N
76 T		77 L	78 S	79 B		80 I	81 B	82 Z	83 D	84 A		85 H	86 S	87 P	88 L	89 Z	90 U
91 F	92 G	93 I	94 Q	95 M	96 K		97 A	98 M		99 I	100 Y	101 G		102 J	103 R	104 D	105 M
	106 O	107 U	108 S	109 Q	110 W	111 A		112 D	113 F	114 Z	115 C		116 Q	117 A		118 Z	119 J
120 K		121 Y	122 I	123 F	124 M	125 Q	126 R	127 C	128 S	129 D	130 T	131 A		132 H	133 F	134 W	135 S
136 J	137 T	138 C		139 D	140 Y		141 R	142 L	143 A	144 O	145 S	146 G	147 F		148 S	149 V	150 I
	151 Y	152 J		153 P	154 Q	155 G	156 M	157 Y		158 R	159 O	160 Z	161 U	162 F	163 G	164 S	165 D
166 Y	167 V		168 A	169 U		170 T	171 A	172 J		173 W	174 G	175 P	176 M	177 X	178 T		179 F
180 C	181 X	182 O		183 D	184 Y	185 X	186 V	187 A		188 P	189 M	190 O	191 W		192 B	193 C	194 X
	195 H	196 F	197 W	198 I	199 E		200 P	201 N	202 Z		203 G	204 C	205 O	206 H	207 Z	208 K	
209 E	210 A	211 N	212 W	213 M	214 J												

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. English portrait painter (1723–92; full name)	71 97 117 171 210 5 20 68 131 143 168 84 111 187
B. Yellowish to brownish translucent fossil resin	192 11 39 79 81
C. Relative of a love letter (2 wds.)	115 127 138 180 193 19 204 16
D. Forcible entry	83 183 4 57 63 104 112 129 139 165
E. Beam; arrow; column; mine entrance	199 209 7 13 36
F. Castle-fortress at the outskirts of Mexico City	49 113 133 162 40 147 179 196 17 91 123
G. Originated	146 155 163 174 203 92 101 25
H. First name, WORD J	59 85 132 195 206 38
I. Greek stoic philosopher and teacher (c. 60–c. 120 A.D.)	93 198 9 80 99 122 150 60 73
J. Winner of a special Academy Award for *Boys' Town*, 1938	102 119 136 152 172 214
K. *Surpassed in excellence*	18 72 120 208 2 31 55 96
L. The nuts; the cat's meow	61 88 56 77 142
M. *Creature that shoots insects down with drops of water*	156 213 95 105 124 176 98 43 69 189
N. Petroleum	211 27 34 62 52 201 75
O. Just begun; lacking order	144 24 159 205 48 106 182 190
P. "The silver answer rang — '____, but Love' " (2 wds.; E. B. Browning, "Sonnets from the Portuguese")	22 54 188 87 153 175 200 15
Q. Treatise	42 66 125 154 109 23 10 28 14 116 58 94
R. Italian island in the Tyrrhenian Sea	103 126 141 37 50 158
S. Projectile with grappling hooks attached, used in lifesaving service to fire into ships' riggings (2 wds.)	164 86 145 78 108 128 148 45 135 8
T. *Wedding*	30 137 64 170 53 178 130 76
U. Editorial employee, especially a writer	46 6 33 90 169 161 107
V. Not set forth	149 67 44 41 35 74 167 186
W. Ruined, marred badly	191 51 110 212 134 197 173
X. Assembled, collected in a body	177 181 29 70 185 194
Y. Silk liturgical stole worn by priests in the Greek Orthodox church	3 65 21 32 140 151 166 100 184 157 26 12 121
Z. Somewhat reddish	207 82 89 114 47 160 202 118 1

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 71* appears on page 41.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Talk of Sociology

Ethnomethodology is a sociological discipline so new that the word doesn't appear in any dictionary I know of, including the 1974 Webster's *New World Dictionary* and the 1975 *Doubleday Dictionary*. I don't know whether the editors of the newest dictionaries have heard of ethnomethodology or not. It's possible that they knew the word but couldn't find out what it meant. Or maybe they found an explanation of ethnomethodology but decided that since the explanation was incomprehensible, they'd better pretend never to have heard the word. That's what I'd have done if I'd been in their place.

Someone gave me a paper—or part of a paper, to be more precise—that was used as a text a few years ago for a sociology course at UCLA. The paper's title and the name of its author have been lost, which is probably just as well. It starts like this:

> In doing sociology, lay and professional, every reference to the 'real world,' even where the reference is to physical or biological events, is a reference to the organized activities of everyday life. Thereby, in contrast versions of Durkheim that teach that the objective reality of social facts is sociology's fundamental principle, the lesson is taken instead, and used as a study policy, that the objective reality of social facts *as* an ongoing accomplishment of the concerted activities of daily life, with the ordinary, artful ways of that accomplishment being by members known, used, and taken for granted, is, for members doing sociology, a fundamental phenomenon. Because, and in the ways it is practical sociology's fundamental phenomenon, it is the prevailing topic for ethnomethodological study.

I've read and reread that passage at every speed I could manage, hoping that the static would disappear at a faster or slower rpm or fps. That hasn't helped. I just can't figure out what the professor was trying to say. Furthermore, I don't think it's my fault. I think the professor should have expressed himself so that even we non-sociologists, lay and professional, could get at least a tenuous grasp on his surface. It's likely that if I could meet the man and ask him what he meant by that passage, he could explain it so that I could understand. Why didn't he do that in the first place? He might, in fact, have been trying to say something very simple, like "Ethnomethodology is the study of the real world of everyday activities."

The fact is that lots of people have written and spoken to me, saying that the most outlandish jargon there is is the jargon of sociologists. Most of my correspondents say, or at least imply, that the reason for this is that sociologists are clothing a paucity of thought in a smoke screen of verbiage or putting a Prussian helmet, greatcoat, and cavalry boots on a pip-squeak of an idea, the object being intimidation rather than elucidation.

I agree that much sociological jargon is incomprehensible—to me, at least. But I'm not sure I agree that the reason for this is the attempt to puff up puny ideas. I think the reason is tied to the very nature of sociology. One of the things sociologists specialize in is trying to describe and generalize about human behavior very objectively. If they used the words everyone else uses to mean what everyone else means by them, sociologists would be too much a part of the world they're trying to describe and would thus lose their objectivity. I think that if sociologists talked and wrote just as normal, everyday people do, it would put them in the same class with normal, everyday people, and no normal person can be totally objective about the activities of his peers.

An artist can describe the "real world," but he makes no claim to objectivity. He quite clearly and deliberately presents his own personal vision of a personally selected aspect of the world, real or fanciful. A sociologist, though, would be considered unscientific if he admitted to a subjective vision of the reality he described. More important, he would consider *himself* unscientific. There's the crux of the problem, in my opinion. Once you've taken seriously the idea that you can describe the "real world" objectively, do you really have to invent an un–"real-world" language to turn the trick?

What happens is that lots of people see the sociologists' new language as the Emperor's New Clothes, and that helps neither the sociologists nor the society they'd like to serve. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 34): latches, chalets, satchel.

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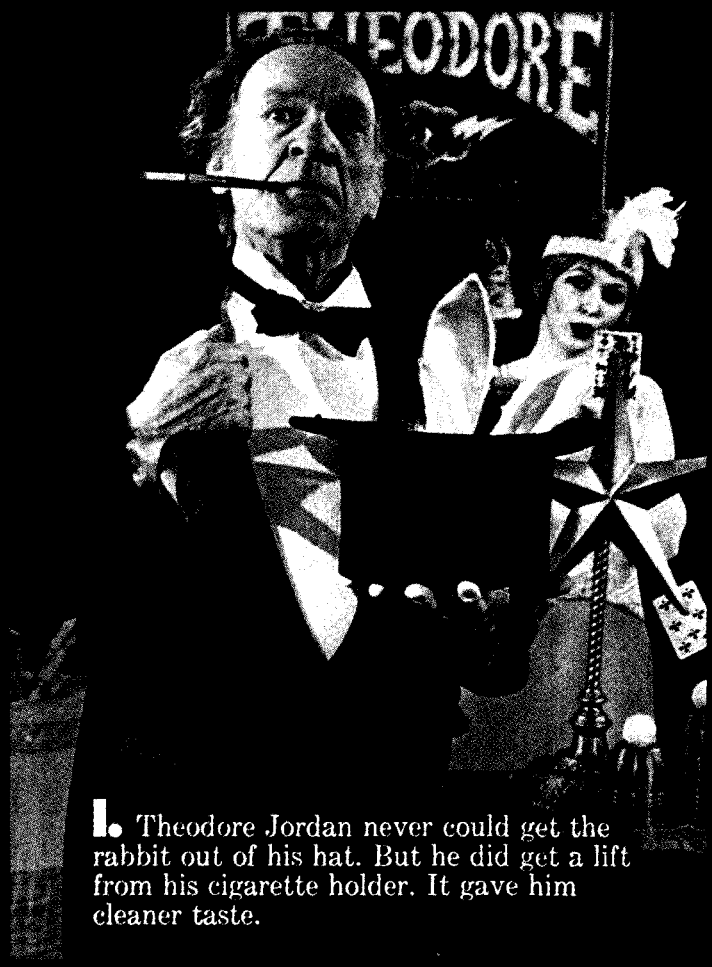
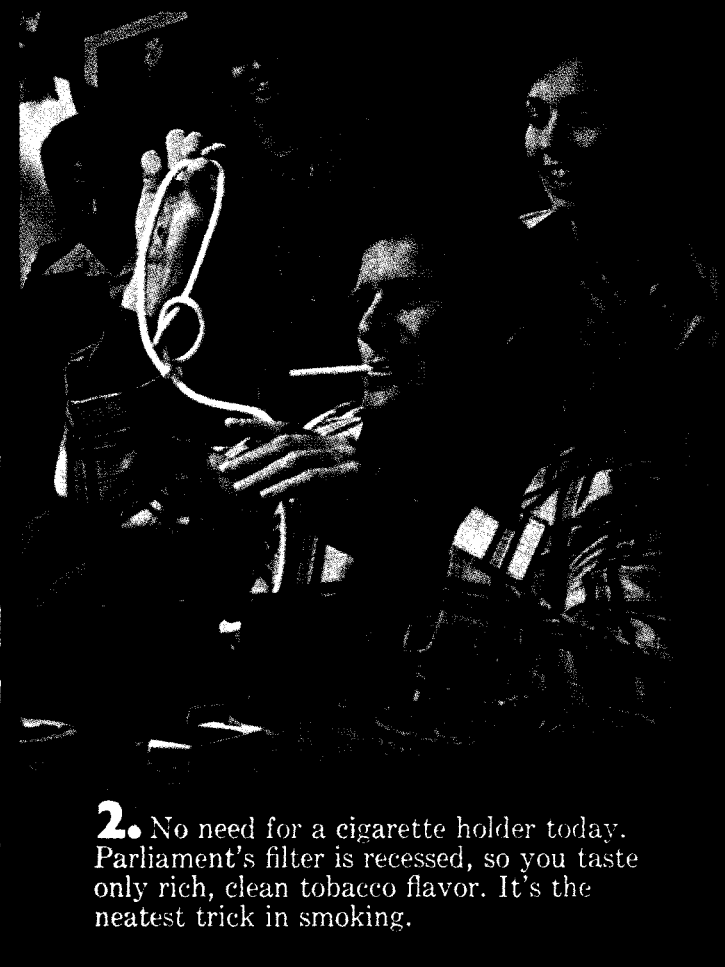
Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

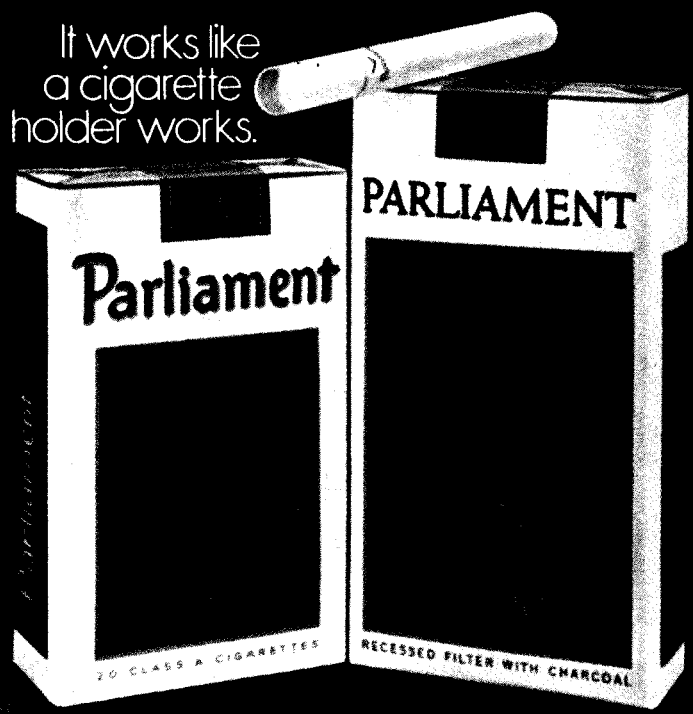




1. Theodore Jordan never could get the rabbit out of his hat. But he did get a lift from his cigarette holder. It gave him cleaner taste.

2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed, so you taste only rich, clean tobacco flavor. It's the neatest trick in smoking.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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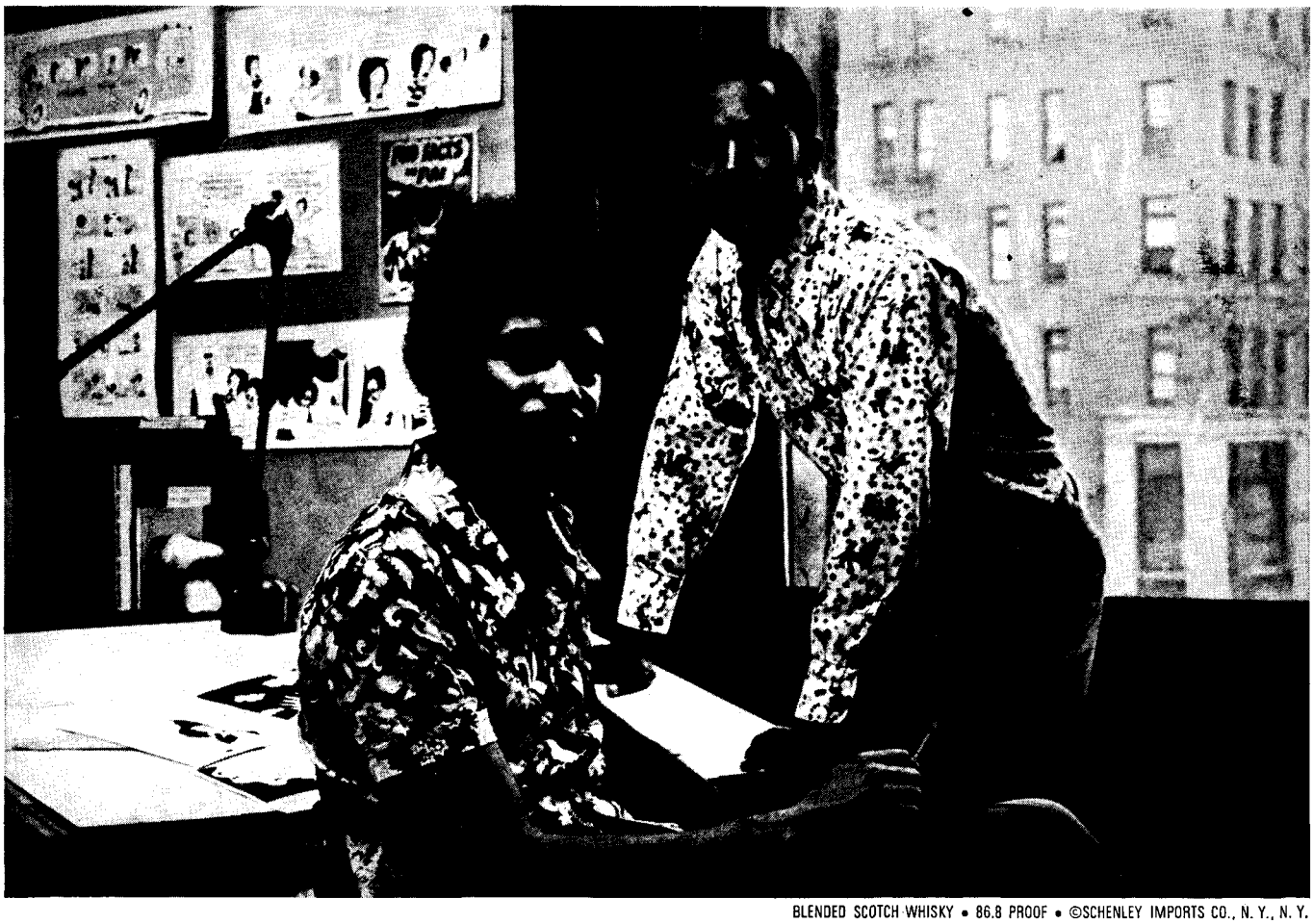
DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

LOUIS SLAUGHTER and EDWARD CARR

HOME: Kansas City, Missouri

OCCUPATION: Writer/Artist team

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created a highly successful comic strip which is drawn and distributed completely by Blacks.

QUOTE: "We use our comic strip to point out the problems faced by poor people in the ghetto . . . and to make people laugh at themselves rather than at others."

PROFILE: Carr (25) is gregarious, people-oriented—likes to play drums and sing. Slaughter (32) is an introvert, preferring the solitude of fishing or reading.

Together, they're a highly imaginative, inventive team. They know "what's going down" in the ghetto, and they want to influence what they see.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®

Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

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